NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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PHRENOLOGICAL.

[For the reference of the uninitiated, we have caused the spot upon the head where Destructiveness is placed to be marked by a figure.]

THE CASE OF MAJOR MITCHELL.

BY JOHN NEAL.

(Continued.)

Soon after this I encountered two other individuals, whose testimony appeared worth preserving, and I took very brief notes of it, after engaging them to appear at the trial. The first, John Macintosh, an old man, testified as follows:

Declarations of John Macintosh, an aged man, before trial, and not on oath.

I live in Durham; there is one lot between my house and Plummer's. ***Never knew any hurt of his boy before. Little boys would scare him;*** he was afraid of all the boys; I used to think he hadn't ***so much sense*** as others. Would say anything, ***and tell the worst of himself as soon as of anoth r.*** They used to call him ***Major Plummer.*** I knew Mitchell, the first husband of Mrs Plummer—he was a pauper; a stout man, fair complexion. Little Plummer, her present husband, is also light complexioned, and a small man. The boy Major ***always played w th the little children; there was never any quarrelling to my knowledge.*** They are a very poor family.

Declaration of Franklin Mitchell, a boy of 12—before tri l and not on oath.

Once I went to live with my grandfather (John Mackintosh) for two months. I knew Major Mitchell well—we are not related—he lives close by grandfather's—***and we used to play together.*** He was a good boy to play—I mean a ***clever*** boy (used in the sense of ***good-natured*** here). He was afraid of all the boys. One little fellow, so high (indicating the height of a boy much smaller than himself) 'skeered him eenamost to death' once—he said he was going to throw a fish at him; and Major was so frightened, he ran and jumped into the brook. Major used to go a fishing with me. When he had caught a trout, he would '***slat***' it away 'cross the brook; he wouldn't let it die as others did—he ***would kill it with stones.***'

Here, for the first time, we have something that would appear to indicate a ***cruel*** temper. But I could hear of nothing else, from any quarter; and when we came to trial, in the absence of witnesses for the boy, I challenged the government witnesses to the proof, and put his ***character in issue at once.*** Yet, as will be found hereafter, not a single fact or opinion appeared to his prejudice.

Believing now, that there was a good foundation to proceed upon, I determined to introduce a new question of Medical jurisprudence; and being satisfied that if I could ***prove*** the injury to the child's head, or render it ***probable*** by the testimony of medical men, that ***it had sustained an injury;*** or that there was a ***malformation*** of the head; or that the remarkable ***want of symmetry,*** (one ear being higher than the other, and the developments of Destructiveness and Secretiveness considerably larger on that side) indicated something ***doubtful*** as to the healthy condition of the brain,—being satisfied, I say, that if I could do any one of these ***four*** things, I should be able to introduce Phrenology, for the first time, into a Court of Justice, and obtain the responses of her priesthood upon oath, I prepared for trial with these three leading objects in view—The Discovery of Truth—The promotion of Justice—and the enlargement of Legal Science. Not that I would be understood as having ***postponed the cause of Justice,*** even to the ***Discovery of Truth;*** but simply that my first object was to obtain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as preliminary to a yet higher object, the promotion of Justice. But supposing all the other facts of the case proved, still there might be a question for the jury—there certainly was in my own mind—whether the boy was capable of crime, or, in the language of the law, ***doli capax.*** This would, or rather might, open a passage for the introduction of Phrenological testimony, and thereby enlarge the boundaries of Legal Science. But after all, if the boy should escape on this ground, what would become of him? We have no House of Refuge here, no Insane Hospital; the mother was unfit to manage him, his father a vagabond, his father-in-law too old, the neighbors would, now, be afraid for their children, if they never had been so before; and what could be hoped of strangers toward a child with capacity enough for any sort of mischief, though not enough to make him answerable at law? Whither should the poor fellow betake himself, on the happening of such a result? Better for him would it be, far better, to be found guilty and suffer the consequences at hard-labor for ten years, than to be set free upon the score of incapacity.

By the laws of Maine, the Supreme Judicial Court, as it is entitled, holds exclusive jurisdiction of Mayhem. At the November session, Mr Justice Emery presiding, the grand jury returned their bill and the boy was arraigned upon an indictment containing two counts—one for Mayhem, including a felonious assault with intent, &c.; the other for an aggravated assault and battery with ***wounding, &c.*** Notwithstanding what I had told the boy, he pleaded ***guilty*** at once. I interfered, and the plea of not guilty was received. At this moment, I saw Mr Plummer, his aged father-in-law, a man upwards of three-score-and-ten, and troubled with an impediment in his speech, who informed me, to my unspeakable amazement, that his wife, the boy's mother, instead of coming herself, had sent him, ***thinking if he told what she knew, it would do just as well.*** After telling him I must have her and the other witnesses I had been promised, I interrogated him as to the material facts; and as the mother's character might perhaps be impeached, and could not easily be fortified under all the circumstances of the case, I preferred relying on him, his character being unimpeachable, to prove that when he married her, the boy Major, then about three months old had a large swelling on the top of his head, which was treated as a wound, and that he had '***strange ways about him,***' frequently leaving them when they were all at work together, and running off straight into the woods, and after a while returning to his work, without giving any account of himself, or appearing to have had any object in view. He spoke very kindly of the boy, appeared attached to him, and actually shed tears when I told him how much the mother was needed for his protection; and though very anxious to get home, on being assured that the trial would take place on the morrow, he ***promised to stay*** and bring up the witnesses relied on.—But when the morrow came, and the boy was arraigned for trial, and the case fairly opened, I found that even this aged man, the best friend he had on earth perhaps, had deserted him. Still it was not too late for a continuance; but what had he to hope from a continuance, after being abandoned by his mother and with such witnesses to help him? A compulsory process might reach them, to be sure; but if they were dragged into Court, and called upon to explain their absence, the little they knew favorable to the prisoner might be tinged by other and very different feelings. At once therefore, I determined to go to trial, and rely upon extracting the groundwork of a defence from the government-witnesses. If I could show the injury to the head, no matter how, I was prepared with Medical ***or*** Phrenological testimony, as the nature of the case might require.

Two jurymen from the neighborhood, who acknowledged themselves under a prejudice, withdrew; and others were substituted; and we proceeded to trial.

The first witness put upon the stand was David Crawford himself. The little sufferer shewed extraordinary intelligence, and after being examined by the Court, at the suggestion of the prisoner's counsel, who asked but one question, that is, How he happened to know that he read a chapter in the Bible when he was five years old, to which he replied, It was his birth-day—gave his testimony as follows, in a very low voice, to be sure, and so as not to be understood a few feet off, but with a circumstantiality and a guardedness, quite remarkable at his age. No attempt was made at cross-examination, properly speaking. The child was too young for that, and answered with too much difficulty. There might be errors of forgetfulness or of misapprehension, but there was evidently no wilful untruth in what he said, except perhaps with regard to the ***provocation.*** The Court-House was crowded, and though the galleries were full of boys, there never was a quieter nor more attentive audience. Many were affected even to tears by the simple, clear and straight-forward narrative of the poor little fellow. In appearance, he corresponded with the description given of him by Major's mother. He was not so tall, but looked nearly as old and about as heavy as the prisoner. I have taken care to give his own language, ***wherever practicable.***

Testimony of David F. Crawford, aged eight, August 25, '34, given at the trial on oath

'He asked me to go with him and get some flags. I told him I didn't want to—he said if I didn't he'd lick me. I went with him, and when we got near the back of Mr Macintosh's, he threw me down and pounded me. We went along a little farther, when he threw me down again and pounded me. Mr Macintosh was hunting after hen's nests, and heard me cry, and came to him and took him off. Mr Macintosh sent me home—I knew the way—I went by the road. He (Major) came across the field and met me between Mr Dyer's and Mr Hawes's. Then he took me by the collar, and said now you've told Zeke I licked ye and now I ***will*** lick ye. He brought me along back of Mr Beade's house; brought me through a piece of corn into the woods. He slapped me, and threw me down and then bro't me along to a pond and put me in. I crawled out—and he got me down and put his knee upon me, and pulled off my clothes. He tied my two hands to two little trees and my feet with my ***gallowses.*** Then he made me eat brakes and foxberry-leaves and put a great handful of mud into my mouth. I couldn't swallow that; I spit it out, and then he would lick me for it. (Here I observed him keep his eye upon his mother and she was directed to withdraw—after she was gone, he proceeded to describe how the maiming was effected with a piece of common tin.) Then he untied me and told me to go and look for ***that thing*** He then carried me along where the roots of a tree were turned up, and put me under it, so as to make my nose bleed. I put my hand up, and he struck me with a club over my knuckles. Then he brought me along to a brook and put me in. not the same brook—I had no clothes on. He told me if I would help him go build a dam, he would let me go home. I went and helped him build the dam. Then he told me to clear for home and not let him see me again. * * * * He swore ***masterly.*** He said a good many times, G-d-n your soul to H-ll. He didn't say to me why he did it. I asked him not to—I asked him a good many times not to do so. Sometimes he would say he would let me go home, and sometimes he would say I should not, till he killed me. I didn't ask him for my clothes before I went home. He whipped me with switches; he broke them off from the trees; he is stronger than I am; I can't tell the kind of tree—I know birch; but don't remember.

Cross examined. He put me into the water twice I believe. The pond and brook are about three feet wide; both about knee deep. He didn't do any thing to the dam ***before I helped him, nor did I.*** I never helped him build a dam there before—we never went in a swimming there; he pulled off my clothes; I did not. I do not know what it was built for; he did not tell me. (Here testimony is omitted with respect to a ***natural organic deficiency*** in one of the brothers.) I have six brothers * * * John is 21, Thomas 17, George 14, William Henry 13, Lemuel Gooding 10, myself 8, James Barker 6. When he first called me, it was about nine o'clock. Mr Beanis' house was about as near as any—it was about 70 or 80 rods off—a little way from the school-house where he thumped me, I screamed. ***I loved to play with Major. So did others.*** He was a ***cruel*** boy—I mean he would fight with smaller boys—***I mean he would pull and haul them about.*** I never knew him strike them with ***a hammer, or a knife, or any thing to hurt them—never used to bit or scratch.*** He said he was going to give me one hundred blows. ***The stick was about as big as my little finger.*** I counted thirty-eight, and he counted with me; but he stopped there, he couldn't count any more; he kept making mistakes—so I ***skipped*** and counted 70—80. He gave me not more than ***thirty*** blows after we had counted thirty-eight—***in all sixty-eight.*** He struck me over the legs, when my trowsers were off. He used more than one stick, about six, if not more—they were not ***green*** sticks, ***they were dry,*** and ***almost*** as large as my little finger. He broke them to pieces, whipping me with them. He tried to hold me down in the water, as long as he could; ***but I got away and crawled out on my hands and knees***—I don't know how he stood over me—I couldn't see him—he didn't go in with me. ***He never struck me before—and never quarrelled with me.*** He was about as bad as any of the boys—***not worse. I did not call him a hog, a fool nor a stealer; I didn't do anything to him—I am sure of this.***

Other testimony was given by the poor child, but nothing material. The mother was then called.

Testimony of Eliza Ann Crawford, mother of the injured boy, given at the trial, on oath.(1) I am the mother of David; it rained that morning very powerfully. David said, I'll go to school, and he went, though I told him I did not think there would be any school. I saw no more of him till after two. I left home to go a visiting. Mrs Macintosh overtook me going to the same place. She asked me if he was much hurt. This was the first I knew of it. I told her I hadn't seen him since he went to school in the morning. She told me about the beating, and hurts, and I asked her to go with me and get Mr Macintosh to see where David was; the other boys went a fishing about one. We went to the mill, but could find nobody there. I was very anxious and told her I could not go with her, she must go without me, and apologise to the lady, and I would look after David. When we were going toward the house, Mr Macintosh halloaed to us and told us the boy was there.—We went up and caught a glimpse of him round the corner of the porch. He darted back when he saw me. I called him two or three times before he would come. He gave me a distressing look. He was as naked as when he came into the world. (Here the witness appeared very much affected)—my distress was so great, I could not speak. As soon as I got composed enough, I examined him. There was scarcely a spot from here (clapping her hand upon the middle of her face) to his instep, but which was either bruised or bloody, or had a mark on it. He had a bruise on ***the lip, another on the chin, another on his tongue, and another, a scratch, on the ear.*** There was a large one on his chin. One place in particular I saw, ***but did not examine.*** Other women came in, ***and examined him.***—The bruise on his chin was large—there was a scratch on the out-side of one ear, and on the inside of the other.—His back, from his neck as far as it could go, was covered with little scratches—it was torn badly; his arms and sides and thighs looked as if they had been whipped with switch-sticks; the legs were bruised as with clubs—his back looked as if he had been scratched or whipped different ways; the marks were across and lengthwise. The worst cut was on the lip. (Like testimony with respect to a mal-formation omitted here.) For the ***two first days,*** he was confined to his bed, very feverish, his tongue was coated, and it was twenty-four hours before anything passed his bowels. ***He had a good appetite. He was able to go out in a week; in a fortnight he went to school.***

Cross examined. I asked him if Major had cut him there with a piece of tin; he looked frightened and grew red in the face and said 'yes ma'am, he did.' A few days after that he told me all the particulars, as he has told them here. When I first saw him, it was between two and half past two. I sent for the doctor. He arrived about the middle of the afternoon. He was not long with us; he lived about 1 1-2 miles off. The women whispered with the doctor, I couldn't bear to stay in the room. The Doctor said nothing about this particular injury. One place on his side looked different from the rest, and David told me that Major scratched it with his nails. There had been a quarrel between Major's sister and one of my boys last year—we never visited the family. * * * *

The Doctor came twice—that day and ***the next afternoon. He never came again. We did not discharge him*** We washed the boy with milk and water and with wormwood and vinegar. The bruises on the legs continued the longest. Some lasted six weeks. David always told the same story he has told here. His gait is altered now. (Here David walked up and down the passage—he had a limp.) We have only lived six years in that neighborhood—I never heard of any injury to the prisoner's head, nor of any strange ways he had. I never heard of his quarrelling, or that he had a bad character; I believe the boys did not like to play with him very well.

Testimony of Joseph Merrill—given at the trial.

I was called in the afternoon. It was the eleventh day of last June. I found the boy laboring under considerable indisposition; fever and irritation. He had an appearance of inward disease, or of a cold. There were marks pretty much all over his body, ***as if whipped with a small switch,*** and under the arms; a considerable bruise on the chin size of a quarter of a dollar—the skin was off. There were a great many small ones. I did not examine his back particularly. I formed the opinion then and have it now, that his illness was occasioned by the whipping. (Omission of like testimony—Dr M. did not ***discover the injury.***)

Cross examined. I was told nothing about marks made by lying on brush-wood. * * * The skin of the legs was purple and discolored; he had considerable fever when I was first called in. ***I visited him again on the fourteenth. I never visited him but twice.*** One or two women were present. When I first saw the child he was lying on the floor, on a bed I believe, with a sheet over him. He seemed stupid—only spoke when questioned. I saw blood on the sheet—he did not bleed much. * * * I was of opinion at the time, that it was ***done by the scratch of a stick or switch.*** It did not heal like a wound made with a sharp instrument. * * * * At my second visit, I inspected the parts, the suppuration was very slight—hardly any inflammation; wound looked healthy. ***I was a witness at the trial before the magistrate.*** When I examined the boy the third time, it was in consequence of what I heard about the confessions of Major.

(1)Mrs C. is a Scotch woman, respectable and comely in her appearance—and gave her testimony in a very clear, impressive manner.

(To be continued.)

[From the Portland Magazine.]

A SKETCH.

I STOOD by the death bed of Lucy. She was my friend, my intimate companion; and I gazed on her loved form for the last time, as she was about to depart for the land of spirits. Would you know, sympathetic reader, the feelings that pervaded my agonized bosom as I pressed the slender hand of the dying girl to my lips? Then from some high precipice see the being you most love preparing to spring from the dizzy height—see the eye that formerly enchanted you, raised to Heaven, as if to implore forgiveness for the rash step—mark the uplifted hand, the springing foot about to leave its last print, and the whole loved form balancing half over the precipice, before it launches itself into mid-air—look in phrenzied agony on the creature of your love placed in this perilous situation, without the power to save it from destruction: and while your breath is suspended with terror, and your heart stands still with intense anxiety, think you have a faint idea of my sensation as I stood by my beautiful, dying friend.

She lay in languid beauty on a bed surrounded by friends and weeping relatives. The intense heat of the season admitted of no other covering than the milk-white sheet, which partially concealed a form lovely, spite of the beauty-blighting hand of a quick consumption. A deep hectic blush was on her cheek; and the dark eye that had so often cheered the sorrowing group which surrounded her, as a sunbeam through a winter cloud, now shone with unearthly brightness. The sash was raised that the soft wind, which seemed to sigh forth her requiem, might mingle with the feeble breath of the youthful sufferer, and lengthen, for a few moments, a life so precious. It swept over and seemed to invigorate her drooping frame, and trifled with the raven tresses that spread their silken beauties over the pillow which supported her fainting head. One jetty ringlet, was blown across her death-stamped brow. I turned my eye from the beautiful contrast of that bright tress in its marble purity. It seemed like a streak of darkness on a snow wreath. She raised her hand, and removed the glossy intruder, and a gleam of tenderness mingled with the vivid light of her eye as it rested on the agitated figure of her betrothed husband, who leaned in tearless agony over her pillow.

The day she died was to have given him his bride; but it could not be. To more powerful arms he was called upon to resign her; she was doomed to descend in her maiden spotlessness to the cypress fringed valley of death. A few moments more and the bursting chords of life would separate, and she would in one struggle yield up the world and him that was dearer to her than all its treasures; and the pure soul that still clung to his in dying fondness would ascend in its youthful innocence to the star-set portals of Heaven. Her eyes withdrew gradually from the agonized face of her beloved, their silken lashes closed over them, her hand fell listlessly over the bed-side—a faint sigh convinced me she was no more. I touched her wrist. A pulse still faintly quivered under my finger. Again her eyes opened, and with sudden strength she raised herself and clasped her arms around the bending neck of her betrothed. Her profuse ringlets spread over his bosom and shoulder; a beam of sparkling, dying tenderness shot from her eye; her lips, from which disease had drank the crimson blood, were pressed to his, and all the strength of her feeble frame concentrated in the soul-parting kiss which bore forth her life, and mingled with his groans of excruciating anguish.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE. A writer in the New Monthly for November gives the following account of an interview between Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte :—In Nov, 1807, Napoleon sent for Lucien to meet him at Mantua, and then, after a conference with some of his general officers about his future operations, they were dismissed, and the brothers remained alone. The conqueror grasped the hand of the hitherto inflexible patriot, and tracing on the map, which lay before him, the wide extent of his dominions, he said, 'Now choose—any part shall be yours—we shall share them all.' Lucien replied that 'his principles were unaltered, and should remain so; he could not, therefore, accept of his brother's proposal!' 'Eh bien!' rejoined the Emperor, 'we shall meet again at dinner, when perhaps——' he left the room by one door; Lucien at the same instant quitted it by another, and, entering the carriage he had only just left, was before the dinner hour arrived, where temptation was again to be thrown in his way, some leagues on the road to the retirement from which he did not again emerge till Napoleon became emperor. This is unquestionably the most remarkable instance on record of pure or true disinterestedness.

ORIGINAL.

A LAMENT.

Respectfully dedicated to the writers and readers of 'SONNETS,' 'LINES,' &c.

I

In memory enshrined
  PAULINA, still thou art;
For thee a nameless fluttering
  Bedevils my poor heart—
At the mention of thy name
  I think I'm with thee still
Till the monster cold reality
  Throws o'er my dreams a chill.

II.

Alas that there should be
  Such a cruel thing as space!
And 'twice alas! that it should find
  'Twixt you and I a place,
A continent in length
  And as the sea profound!
E'en as the waters of that sea
  My tears for thee abound.

III.

Alas that Father Time
  Is always in such haste!
He would not wait for you and I
  But like the devil raced!
Says he, 'the Time has come
  PAULINE and you must part!'
Says I, 'we must' and oh! it went
  Ill nigh to break my heart!

IV.

In ancient Lima, where
  The River Rimac flows
When the turkey buzzard lives on what
  PAULINE to the gutter throws;
Where the churches and the palaces
  Are glittering in gold
My dear PAULINA kept a bar
  And *Agua diente** sold.

V,

The compound that I taught
  Her fairy hands to make,
From any other hands than hers
  Alas! I cannot take!
No! punch no more for me!
  Ah rather let me freeze,
Than warm with a glass for which her hands
  Did not the lemons squeeze!

VI.

I've come to the intent
  In agony of soul,
Forthwith to let the Temperance folks
  My name as theirs enrol!
Spirit of sweet PAULINE
  As thou dost o'er me hover,
Be witness that no punch but thine
  Is tasted by thy lover! W.

* Anglice—Strong Water.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE LIVING DEAD.

'Dead men have come again, and walk about.'—*Blair.*

Slam bang !—I sprang from my chair,
As springs from her form the startled hare,
When the rifle's report wakes the slumbering air.
Ghosts, hobgoblins, and corpses pale,
  Death-dealing witches, warlocks, and all
Such fancies as make up a German tale,
  And hold the soul in a fixed enthral,
Had withdrawn my mind from the world around,
When burst on my ear that startling sound.
I rushed to the window, with fear aghast—
'Twas the slam of the blind in the nightly blast.

The night was dark, save when the beams
  Of the moon burst thro' the jagged clouds,
  Hurrying by in flying crowds,
And lit up the landscape with fitful gleams;
Or when the lightning flashed from afar,
Or athwart the gloom shot a blazing star.
And hark to the moan of the lofty trees,
As they bend their tall tops to the breeze.

The church-yard slept in the fitful light,
And methought—was it true or fancy's flight?—
'Mid the grave-stones glimmering tall and white,
A troop of thin ghosts, like the shades of a trance,
Were flitting about in a shadowy dance.

I rushed to the streets—the lights burned blue,
I passed them by, and onward flew,
And still I gave speed to my hurrying pace,
For methought those sprites were behind in chase.

A light gleamed forth, with a dazzling glare,
From a lofty hall, on the darken'd air;
A figure passed me—I followed him in—
He was tall and gaunt and lean and thin—
I gazed around with a wondering stare,
And as I gazed, up rose my hair!

Some three-score shapes were seated around
That ample hall, nor breath, nor sound
Disturbed the silence so profound.
Fleshless they were, those ghastly men,
And the bone shone white thro' the o'erdrawn skin,
And O, 'twas an awful sight, to see
The deathly glare of each stoney e'e!

And look! more forms come gliding in,
Those spectral forms, so tall and thin—
And the dry bones rattled, as on they passed,
Like the leafless boughs in the wintry blast.
Methought the dead had returned to life,
To revisit the scenes of their former strife.

The last had entered, the door swung to,
I was all alone with that ghostly crew;
And O, 'twas an awful thing, to be
Alone in such fearful company!

On the rostrum now, a shape arose,
Whose look my blood with horror froze;
To his brow he lifted his skinny hand,
And glower'd around on that grisly band.
I looked as pale, I ween, as he,
When he fixed that glassy eye on me.
He comes, he comes, that fearful one!
  He has left his rostrum high,
He comes!—each head is slowly turned,
  And on me is fixed each eye.
I strove to rush from that haunted place,
  But my limbs were smote with fear,
I strove to shriek, but my voice was mute
  That dreadful shape was near.
He comes, he comes, that fearful one!
  His breath, it fans my cheek,
'Tis chill as the breeze of the Polar seas,
  When it blows from the icy peak.
His shrunken face is close to mine,
  His hand is on my arm,
And his lips, his skinny lips, they move—
  O God! forfend the charm!
A voice came forth—it said to me,
'Will you join the Graham Society?' W. J. P.

Externally, Paris is a very uninteresting place. The streets are generally narrow, dirty, and without sidewalks and while walking in them, one is frequently obliged to step into a gateway, or stand close to the walls of a house, to prevent being overrun by the vehicles, which drive with great rapidity. Beside, the gutters run in the middle of the street, so that one is sure to be splashed with mud if he walks any distance in Paris. In the night they are lighted by lamps suspended over the centre by lines fastened to the buildings on either side.

MISCELLANY.

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
  And lamps from every casement shown:
While voices blithe within are singing,
  That seem to say 'Come' in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in life's young season,
  My heart had bounded at that sweet lay,
Nor paused to ask of greybeard Reason
  If I should the syren call obey.

And see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
  The syren lips more fondly sound;—
No, seek, ye nymphs some victim fitter
  To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
  Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
  And yield to a smile his free born soul?

Thus says the sage, while, slyly stealing,
  The nymphs their fetter around him cast.
And, their laughing eyes the while concealing,
  Led Liberty's bard their slave at last.
For the poet's heart still prone to loving
  Was like that rock of the Druid race,*
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
  But all earth's power could'nt shake from its base,

*The rocking stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

[From the New York Mirror.]

S. S. OSGOOD.

SAMUEL STILLMAN OSGOOD was born in Boston, in 1810. At an early age he was placed under the care of his uncle, and sent to an academy in Fryeburgh, Maine, where he remained about two years. Making but little progress in his studies, his father sent for him to return home, the family having removed to Hartford, Connecticut. Here he was again subjected to the tutorship of an able instructor.—But it was impossible to keep him at school. From his infancy, he had evinced a great fondness for the art of drawing; and often would he be found apart from his school-fellows and their amusements, tracing figures upon the smooth sand, which lay along the shore of the river.

There is an anecdote told of his having sketched a scene from real life, when quite young, which was remarkable for its graphic truth and humor. It represented one of his schoolmates, who had been caught in the act of stealing apples, down upon his knees, begging for mercy from the enraged owner, who was standing over him with a whip, about to let its weight fall upon the back of the little convict. This scene was sketched with such accuracy, by the young artists who witnessed it, that on its being discovered and examined the next day in school, by the pedagogue, the ill-fated urchin, who was portrayed on his knees, was called forth and visited with another severe thrashing. The likeness was not to be mistaken, and the penalty of the offence was not to be avoided.

So fond was the boy-artist of the practice of his favorite amusement, that all efforts to direct his attention to the study of books, proved unavailing. His father, giving up all hopes of making a scholar of him, retained him at home.—His family soon after returned to Boston, where both his parents died nearly at the same time. Thus, in his twelfth year, was he thrown upon the world pennyless, and an orphan, doomed to struggle with numberless discouragements and calamities, but bearing up manfully under all, with a determined spirit and fortitude, which misfortune prematurely developed. He succeeded in obtaining employment from a Mr Curtis, a sign and fancy painter. With him he remained six months, when his employer failed. Young Osgood, not finding a permanent occupation on land, now resolved to try the sea. He shipped from New York, as a common sailor, on board a vessel bound for Liverpool, by the way of Charleston, South Carolina. The harsh treatment which he experienced from the officers, and the wretched quality of the provisions allotted him, made him desirous, on arriving at Charleston, of quitting the ship.—But the captain laughed at his request, and he was told peremptorily not to go on shore. The sailor-boy, however, could not reconcile this prohibition with his notions of personal independence, and as he found that he should receive more kicks than coppers by remaining, he resolved to make an effort to escape from the condition in which he was placed. With the assistance of one of his shipmates, he carried his chest on shore, with the view of secreting himself till the vessel sailed. But venturing forth into the street, some time after, he was recognised, caught and clapped into prison, there to be detained till the ship was ready for sea. On being again carried on board, he made his escape at night from the ship, which lay in the stream, and swam with the tide a distance of two miles to the shore. He shortly afterward fell in with several of the crew, who, he found, had likewise deserted. By them he was persuaded to ship on board another vessel for Marseilles, where he arrived, after a rough passage. But here misfortune again awaited him. At the moment the ship was about to sail on the homeward course, he was sent into the city upon an errand, and on returning to the pier, he found that she had sailed without him. His grief and consternation may be imagined. With his hat in his hand, he stood leaning motionless against a post, gazing on the dim outline of the ship, which was fast receding from his view. Hope seemed to disappear with her. Destitute of money and clothes, ignorant of the language of the people among whom he was thrown, he was not yet discomfitted. He succeeded in obtaining employment, and, after remaining four months in Marseilles, he shipped on board a brig, bound to Porto Cabello, in South America. On arriving at this place, he learned with regret, that the consignees had concluded to send the brig to St Petersburgh. He was anxious to return to Boston, With the captain's permission he quitted the vessel, and as there was no chance of obtaining a passage directly to the U. States, he set out on foot, and alone for Laguira, a distance of about one hundred miles. He was then in his thirteenth year. After encountering a variety of adventures, he reached Laguira, from whence he took passage for Baltimore.

On arriving in the 'monumental city,' he found employment as a sign-painter. One of his productions in this line attracted considerable notice, The subject was 'labor in vain,' which was happily represented by two old women with a negro under a fountain, endeavoring to scrub him white. After staying some time in Baltimore, he started for Boston on foot, but having his pocket-book purloined from him on the road, he found on arriving at New Haven, that, with the exception of a half-dollar piece, all his possessions lay directly under his hat. He managed, however, to get as far as Hartford, and here he commenced business as a sign and ornamental painter. But not content with this humble branch of his art, he made his first essay as a portrait-painter, which was highly successful. He soon afterward entered with a determined spirit upon the practice of his profession. He travelled over the country, and arriving at N. York, took passage in a schooner for Charleston, South Carolina. After painting several portraits here, he found the packet-ship Boston on the point of her departure for Liverpool. Anxious to visit England, young Osgood took passage for that country in the Boston. All will doubtless remember the fate of this beautiful ship. She was destroyed by lighting in May, 1820, while at a distance of four or five hundred miles from land. The passengers, of whom Sir Isaac Coffin was one, took to the boats. Osgood remained with the captain on the deck of the ship, till the devouring flames compelled them to follow the rest. He is said to have displayed amid the terror and confusion of this occasion, a degree of calmness and presence of mind which called forth the subsequent praises of all. After tossing for two days on the water, during which one of their number, an interesting female, died, they were picked up by a schooner and carried into Boston.

Undaunted by calamity, Osgood, with characteristic perseverance, took passage in the next ship for England. Arriving in London, he entered himself as a student at the Royal Academy, where he continued nine months, diligently applying himself to his profession. At one time, while residing in this overgrown metropolis, he found himself reduced to his last sixpence, which he expended in potatoes, believing this to be the most economical disposition of his funds. Allowing himself three of these vegetables a day, they lasted him nearly a week, at the end of which time he was found by his landlord a very humane man, at the point of death from starvation. A physician was called, and by dint of careful attendance, the young artist soon became convalescent. From this time forward his prospects began to brighten. A few lovers of the arts recognized his talents, and encouraged him to proceed. He returned to his native country, where he has in a great measure amply fulfilled the promise which his early predilections held out.—He is rapidly rising in his profession. His portraits evince boldness, facility and aptitude at coloring. Continued practice must soon place him at an enviable height.

ANECDOTE OF DON MIGUEL. Some time after Miguel's return from Brazil, he paid a visit to the college of Surgeons at Lisbon. After viewing the various anatomical subjects it contained, he at length asked if it were possible to kill a person without leaving any traces of violence upon the body. He was told that by introducing the point of sharp instruments into the brain through the mouth, it could be done. On receiving this information, he was observed to muse for some minutes in the recess of a window. The feelings of the medical men present on the occasion may be well imagined, when, sometime after this conversation took place, the unfortunate Marquess de Loule was found murdered in the identical manner described.—*Monthly Magazine.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE 'IRISH JAUNTING CAR.'

THE first series of papers by Mrs C. Hall—a lady whose exquisite delineation of Irish village life, character, and scenery are, in the present day, unrivalled. The writer, be it observed, on arriving at the village of Bannow—a village not slightly memorable in the history of Ireland—has been requested by a blind old man, a true and faithful servant of her family, to take his daughter with her to England, and to bring her up there after her own fashion.

'Nora was summoned from an inner room to undergo a personal scrutiny. She came forth with her knitting on fingers, and her face steeped in blushes. I had seldom seen a creature more lovely; yet her beauty was of that peculiar character which neither painter nor author can describe—resembling a field-violet more nearly than aught else, the charm of which consists partly in its colors, but chiefly in the modesty of its aspect and bearing.

'My seat was opposite a little window overshaded by and elder tree. One of the panes was broken, and a portion of dilapidated hat had been thrust into the aperture. As the blind father discoursed upon what the pretty might, could, would, and should do, I perceived the hat move, at first gently, and finally drop to the ground. I suspected that this was occasioned by some one outside who wanted to hear what was going forward within; the slight noise arrested Furlong's attention, and Nora's blushes deepened when he required what it was.

'The cat, father,' she replied, 'is ever after the bits of birdeens that builds in the tree.'

'I thought Furlong looked as if he did not quite believe her; and while he expatiated on the maid's good qualities, and the extraordinary benefits I should derive from confiding in Irish servants, I kept my eye fixed on the window. The poor fellow was so earnest, so anxious, I should take his daughter, that I hardly knew how to refuse—it is very difficult to say 'No'—and all the while there stood Nora, looking so pretty and graceful that I was fairly at fault, when, just at the moment, the face of a singularly handsome youth peeped into the window, and was instantly withdrawn. The motion, though slighter than before, attracted the fathers attention, and again he demanded what occasioned the noise. 'Nora saw I had noted how matters really were; she clasped her hands and looked earnestly at me, and I was both annoyed and amused by the extreme readiness of her replies.

'The mottled hen would never lay an egg but in the thatch, and had just flown up.'

'I looked very grave and Nora saw I was displeased.—A few minutes afterwards I left the cottage, but had not gone far before I perceived the very youth, leaning over the parapet of a bridge, industriously employed in picking out fragments of mortar and tufts of the pretty maiden-hair that crept amid the stones, and throwing them into the stream beneath. As I drew nearer he removed his hat, and making an exceedingly awkward bow, while his blushes were as deep almost as the cunning Nora's, he enquired—

'If I wanted a boy in London to look after the farm—if I did—he'd go to the world's end to sarve me.'

'I told him that I had not the good fortune to possess a farm, and consequently did not need his services.'

'God bless you, Ma'am, dear! whether or no, but I hope your not going to take Norry away from us. She'd never be any use in life to you,—she's not up to the English ways—her father thinks she is—but she is not—she'd never do you any good.'

'I quite agree with you,' I replied, somewhat maliciously, 'in thinking her exactly what you say—a girl who will never do any good.'

'Oh, Blessed Virgin!' he exclaimed, his entire countenance expressing astonishment and displeasure, 'I never said that of Norry. She that's been the comfort to her mother, the hands and eyes of her whole family—she, that the poor blind father turned against. And for what?—just because she'd a heart with feeling in it. Oh, Ma'am, dear! if ever you war in love yourself—which, in course, you war—think of poor Norry!' This argument was unanswerable; and the young man followed it up with the story of his love,' in a strain of eloquence and fervor which proved his sincerity.

'I'm as good as her in the way of family,' he continued, 'and as to her father talking about her being too young, her mother was younger by seven months when she married. And have'nt I,'—and he stood firmly on the ground, and stretched his long muscular arms upwards as he spoke—'*haven't I th se four bones to work for her:* and if he wants her to travel, why we'll go to America, and never be beholden to any thing or any one but ourselves. God is good! and the world's wide enough to hold all the people—if they'd accommodate each other; but as to saying Norry would do no good, you mistook me, Ma'am, entirely.—She's good, and a blessing to every one; only I think, somehow, she wouldn't suit the English, she's too *lifey*, and not used to seriously.,

Here was a love affair! The same evening, as I was meditating upon the *other*, opposition of the discipline of Malthus, Gore, with streaming eyes, tapped gently at the window of my dressing room.

'I thought, dear lady,' she said, after many prefatory hems, I might as well insense you into the rights of it, for I saw you thought bad o' me, for the bit of a lie I told about the windy. Well, you see, all my life I've had nothing but trouble; the darkness came on my father before I was nine years old, and he lost his sweet temper along with the light, and my mother's heart would have been broken with the crossness, only I come between her and it.—Well, I used to lead him all about all day, and nurse the children all night, with may be, not a shoe to my foot; but the heart was always light within me for all that; and of a sunny Sunday, Harry (that's the boy's name) though he was only a bit of a boy then, used to lend me his shoes that I might go decent to Mass. And at last he says, 'Norry, I had a mind for the sea, but I'll not go—I'll be a shoemaker as my father was before me, and then you shall never want shoes.' Well, out of that, the kindness grew, and my father knew it, but never said a word against it until lately, when the crossnes over came him entirely; and then he wanted to send me with you, my lady, which I'd been proud and happy of, only for Harry, my lady. Poor boy—he'd take on with the lowness of spirits—so he would!'

'Has he any way of supporting you if you were married!

Supporting! Oh sure two together would'at eat more than two by themselves, it's the one expense, married or single. Besides, he has a trade—and if he could get any work.

This it appeared to me of much importance, and I was foolish enough to think of reasoning with a young girl in love.

What are you to do if he were unable to get any?

We could only do as we did before, replied Nora, rolling up the corner of her apron.

But suppose you had a parcel of children.

Oh! it would be a long time first.

But again you would be in the midst of trouble.

Well, sure, its only what I'm used to.

I think your wisest plan, Nora, will be to get a situation in some gentleman's family. I will speak to my friends about you. You can save a little money, perhaps,—Harry might do the same, and I will make your father promise that no then will not object to your union.

God bless you, Ma'am, dear,—its all very true. You see Harry was mighty kind to me entirely; he gave me this new handkerchief and these new ribands; and his father was as hard upon him as my father was upon me. So, as every one turned against us, why we took the more to each other, and got *married last week.*

INFAMOUS POLITICAL PERSECUTION. A Paris paper mentions the trial of M. Bucius Hilton, a moulder and vender of plaster casts, for caricaturing the king—this is, representing him under the figure of a pear. For this offence he was, some time since, indicted on the charge of bringing contempt upon the king. But on this charge though the penalty be severe, it is required to be tried before a jury. The jury acquitted the poor caricaturist. But the law officers were determined to have their revenge for the defeat. Accordingly Bucius Hilton was watched. Had he stuck to plaster casts—even to iron casts of pears, or royal heads, he might have escaped. They would not have brought him before a jury. But the unfortunate wight thought fit to fix one of his pears on the top of a walking-stick. 'Ha, ha! I have you there,' quoth the police, who instantly seized poor Bucius Hilton for fabricating unlawful weapons. He was yesterday brought before their worships of the correctional police. He pleaded stoutly that his sticks were for ornament—not use, and were never meant to break heads. 'The top or pear is of lead,' remarked the judge. 'They are of zinc,' replied the prisoner, 'hollow, and filled up with resin. Then the stick is a mere vine-twig—a blow would break it in two.' The accused here broke one of his sticks with a slight blow, in order to enlighten the judge. The king's advocate, nevertheless, insisted that the canes were arms prohibited, since the law forbade sticks, 'armed at both ends with metal.'—Poor Bucius Hilton looked respectfully at the iron ferrel or extremity of his canes, which brought him within the talons of the captious law. He then looked to the jury-box but no jury was there. 'I have no advocate,' said he to the court; 'I have been in prison already six weeks on this foolish charge, and I was not allowed to write to my lawyer.' The judge denied the possibility of this; all his letters must have been forwarded, had they contained nothing improper. 'I am not versed within the laws,' said the accused, 'but I crave a new trial, that I may get counsel.' The judges would admit of no delay, but instantly condemned the poor cane-vender to six months imprisonment and five years surveillance of the high police.

GOOD SOCIETY. The Quarterly Review, referring to the 'good society' of London, designates it as 'ista colluvies vitoriuml' That sink of vices!

Pronouncing dictionaries are works of great utility; none more so, perhaps, than Sheridan's; take an example. 'Georgeś pronounced *Jorjejuz*.'

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1835.

PHRENOLOGY.

TO THE JUNIOR-EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

ONE hardly knows how to understand your observations, in the Galaxy of week before last, respecting the believers in Phrenology. Are you serious, or not? For the present, I will suppose you are—if not altogether serious, enough so to entitle you to a serious answer.

You are right not to *believe* in Phrenology, till you have examined the subject for yourself, and arrived at satisfactory results. Have you done this? Or would you say with the Christian Examiner, that *because* people would have nothing else to do, if they were to spend their time investigating the pretensions of every new discoverer, *therefore* you could not take the trouble to investigate the pretensions of Phrenology? No—*You* would not argue thus, I am persuaded. You *see*, and you are the man to *acknowledge*, that if the ground-work of Phrenology is true—I say nothing of the superstructure now—there may be both quackery and error there—it is one of the greatest discoveries ever made by man: That if false—it is one of those inconceivable and prodigious delusions, which require continued watchfulness and unsparing exposure. Now, permit me to say, kindly and respectfully, that I am led to believe by the whole tenor of the article referred to, that you have taken up your general views, or *impressions* rather, of Phrenology at second-hand. By this I do not mean that you have borrowed the language, or stolen the ideas of another; but merely that you have not *studied* the question for yourself, and as it deserves to be studied.

Before we go further, let me put you in the way of becoming a believer—in spite of your teeth. Hereafter you can extend your observations. The great error in those who are belaboring the Science in good faith—and that it *is* a science, you yourself will be persuaded by and by, or I am greatly mistaken with respect to what I *guess* to be your Phrenological developments—is, that they undertake too much at once. One thing at a time, if you mean to be satisfied either way. And now to the process. Look about among those you are best acquainted with, personally or by reputation, and select from the whole of those who are characterized by *firmness*, *perseverance*, or *obstinacy*, the most persevering and obstinate of the whole—and my life on it, you find a correspondent elevation right over the middle of the ear on the top of the head, where the organ of *Firmness* is located by Phrenologists. If you find man or woman who has persevered under any continued difficulty—whether for evil or for good—one who has devoted a whole life to a particular object, trade or profession—I should be willing to put the whole character of the Science—for truth or falsehood—honesty or quackery upon the issue as a matter of fact—of eyesight—of measurement by a turner's callipers. One need not be a believer; he need not even be *instructed* for this; anybody with two eyes in his head, or a reasonable proportion of fingers and thumbs, may satisfy himself, and be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him—*either way*.

After having done this, look about you and select the person, male or female, who is most remarkable for a vacillating, changeable temper—here to day and there tomorrow—one year a lawyer, another a preacher, and this day a manufacturer, or a ship-builder; and fifty to one, whatever else you may find there, *outside* of his head, you don't find the bump I speak of—though if his *acquisitiveness* were inordinate, he might persevere in all these ways to acquire wealth, or if he were ambitious thereby, to acquire distinction. Nevertheless I choose to take the case entirely stripped of all these considerations, and risk the issue.

After having proceeded thus far—take from among those you are acquainted with, all those who have the bump in question, and see if you do not find them *always*—without a single exception—distinguished for *firmness* in proportion to the size of that bump. I put out of consideration, you see, all sorts of exceptions and qualifications, whether justifiable or not. I narrow the issue down to a mere question of obvious and *unescapable* fact.

Pursue this enquiry without regard to books or drawings or casts, or lectures. Forget every thing you have heard, read, or seen about Phrenology, until you have come to a conclusion upon this point; and my life on it, as I said before, you will end with becoming a believer—in a small way. Afterwards you may go further; and if the results are not *always* the same, they will be so generally, and always with the larger and best-established organs working together. I challenge an exception. For myself I can say that I have never seen one.

Do you want more proof? I have never seen you—your face, or your head to my knowledge. Yet from your writings alone, I will venture to say, that you have nothing to be ashamed of in your own head, and very little to fear, though one might gather from a part of your paper, that you were of those who object to Phrenology, in *self-defence*. Generally these very men are mistaken. Their own heads are altogether better, Phrenologically speaking, than they themselves, owing to their superficial knowledge of the science, are ready to believe. Were they ever *students*, they would soon be *teachers*, and perhaps lecturers. But their self-love is in the way—and their self-distrust. But more particularly—with regard to the case under consideration; I will venture to say, without naming the organs, that you have considerable fullness over the forehead, beginning at the root of the hair and travelling upwards and backwards; that you have a perceptible roundness just in the middle of the upper part of the forehead, about an inch broad and falling off at the sides—and then widening just over the temples; a very evident depression on the back of your head, compared with most of those about you, and a fullness on each side of that depression; that on the top of the head just over the ear, you will find another fullness (certainly not a *depression*)—extending itself on both sides. There! I am perfectly serious; and it is for and on account of this your presupposed configuration, that I ground my hopes of being heard patiently, and of seeing you, when convinced, a steadfast holder-on to the true faith.

N. B. Your case of the dog, though pleasant enough, is unworthy of the place it occupies in a discussion of this nature. Phrenology, and the Believers in Phrenology, deserve to be treated seriously. *Madness* in dogs, is not called *insanity*. It is probably a fever—dogs perspire only through the tongue. It has been observed that water-dogs never run mad. If true, this would appear to strengthen the idea. In fevers, the brain will be affected more or less, according to the determination of blood to that organ, but it does not follow that on after-death (I do not like to say *post mortem*) examination, a particular part must *therefore* be found full of water. Destructiveness and combativeness might be found *inflamed*. But enough—I wouldn't be too serious, where you are in sport—but I pray you to reconsider the great question involved in the truth or falsehood of Phrenology, with a grave countenance.

Truly yours, N.

DORIC FIRE PLACES. About six years ago, we undertook a personal experiment with one of these excellent inventions—it succeeded, and we urged it upon our fellow-citizens, who were verily almost persuaded to be comfortable and safe, and to give up Dr Nott's barbarisms, and the thousand-and-one other inventions about for consuming fuel and cooling houses—*Refrigerators*, they ought to be called, with their glittering steel bars, and most ostentatious, brazen embellishments—but all in vain. There were a multitude of nibbles, but no bites *for* a twelvemonth. Satisfied with the *first*, we tried another—and another—and another—persuading a few friends into the belief that what was actually *classical*, *philosophical*, *economical*, *healthy*, *safe* and *comfortable*, might be worth having, until they were supplied. The result of which is, that the Doric Fire Places or Pierpont Stoves are now superceding every other invention throughout this neighborhood (Portland). We have purchased and used no less than five, all of different sizes and patterns, and they have all proved so entirely satisfactory, that money wouldn't buy either of them—if they could not be replaced—though perhaps *love* might, if an exceedingly careful personage, dying of our Northern winters, should happen to fall in our way. Of truth it may be said that *scribblers* do not live out half their days—however it may be with their nights, in this latitude. N.

P. S.—The people of the good city of New York are under a concern we hear—all crowding to the anxious-seats—with a determination to judge for themselves in the matter of Dorics.

FUN, FROLIC, FLASH AND FANCY;

BUT not *Fashion* in America yet, thank God.—We allude to the recent attempts to get up Prize Fights in New York. Two blackguards pounded each other at Hoboken, N. J. on the 12th inst, for $500 a side—and a repetition of the *sport* was intended, but has been prevented by the interference of the Police. This might have been news last week—but we neglected to publish it, because, as, unfortunately, neither of the combatants was killed, the mere account of their pummelling each other without so desirable a result to either, was not sufficiently agreeable to publish as news. We introduce the subject to-day for two or three purposes—the first of which is to commend the Editor of the *Old Countryman* for his just and fearless censure of a sport so brutal. Hear him:—

'Here is a pretty state of things for FOREIGNERS to engage in, in a land whose breasts they have come to suck to sustain their life! Shall they—ought they to be allowed to plunge a knife into the bosom of their indulgent step-mother? May God forbid! Frowned down into the kennel they were bred to adorn—must and shall they be—until sorrow purges away their filth, and a returning sense of decency restores them to the confidence and society of the civilized. A public fighter has nothing to expect from an enlightened press *in this country*, but certain and ruinous exposure—no countenance—no parleying. The system is too vile and too contemptible here to be tolerated; therefore, any man who has the least regard for character, will do wisely, and save trouble, at once, and forever, to abandon it.'

This paper, as its name indicates, is supported by Foreigners resident in this country, and is devoted to their interests. It is edited by Mr. H. J. Pickering, an Englishman, formerly a resident in this city.

It is not the simple bruising of each other by the prize fighters, that we object to. They are supposed to be reasonable beings, and if despite their reason, they choose battered bodies in preference to sound ones,—we are willing, and only regret, that in every exhibition of the kind, the blows are not mortal to each combatant. The ring is principally mischievous, as forming a nucleus, round which are gathered the blackleg, the pickpocket, the bully, and other gentlemen of the Fancy. The practisers of all conceivable sorts of iniquity enjoy on such occasions a Saturnalia, and revel in the possession of reasoning faculties which enable them to distance the brutes in the gratification of propensities and passions, which some people, lamentably ignorant of human nature, suppose to be the peculiar attributes of irrational beings.

Every tolerated exhibition of this kind is a stride toward barbarism. To make bone, muscle, ferocity, and insensibility to blows, the pride of rational beings, is to lead them from their boasted stand as men, into competition with brutes, in the proper element of the latter. And after all, what is gained? A bear may hug to death, the most skilful wrestler in being—a donkey can kick to more purpose than any man can strike.——For the contests of the ancient Gladiators, there was the spirit of the age to urge in excuse. In our day and country. prize-fighter, bully, champion, blackguard, blackleg and brute, are words synonymous: and those who encourage the sports of the ring by attendance as spectators, must be content to be classed accordingly. W.

TO THE SENIOR-EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

In your paper of the 17th inst. I observed an article on the case of 'The Durham Boy,' over your signature, in the outset of which occur these words: 'All the published *Reports* of this Trial being erroneous in several important particulars, besides being very deficient on the score of evidence, &c. We, that is *Ourself*, have concluded,' &c.(1)

I must confess to you that such an announcement as the above from *your* pen in reference to my Report of that case, which I believe was the only one purporting to be perfectly correct, and for which a copy-right was obtained, struck me as very strange and unaccountable.(2) Not only was I more particular in taking down every tittle of the evidence adduced in Court,(3) (I could not do more, nor would it have been proper in such a Report, had I been possessed of other facts than those which appeared on the Trial,) but I followed the Counsel also, and the Court in their several remarks to the Jury, with a most scrupulous care:(4) and, after all the rest, in order 'to make assurance doubly sure,' you will do me the justice to remember, that *you*, that is *yourself*, went to the printing office, and with your own hands took away the proof-sheets and corrected them at your office,(5) that the Report was printed from your own corrected copy, and that after all was done you pronounced it *good*, and volunteered a promise to me that you should notice it formally in a Phrenological article you were about to indite for the Annals of Phrenology.(7)

What was my surprise, therefore, to see in your last Galaxy, under the editorial head, and over the editorial signature, a denunciation of the Report, you had so warmly approved, and which was published with your own revision, as 'erroneous in important particulars, besides being very deficient on the score of evidence.'

I am very sure that it will require but a moment's reflection, (if you are not one of that tribe of editors who, having said a thing, *will* adhere to it, right or wrong, for consistency's sake) to induce you to retract the assertion above quoted, so far as it of necessity seems to include my Report of the case of Mitchell.(8)

I remain your friend and ob't serv't

January 20th, 1835. JAMES F. OTIS.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

1st. Please pay your own postages hereafter, and don't send a letter on *two half sheets*, if you wish even *errors* corrected.

2d. See references in the article of Mr O. and then read the following notes.

(1) All perfectly true, nevertheless.

(2) Undoubtedly.

(3) No such thing—not a tittle of the evidence was taken down by any body. Even the *substantials* were omitted by you, and I told you so. The testimony of Dr Bartlett, for example, respecting congenital malformation, the very groundwork of the defence, even that was not mentioned by you, and was barely referred to by me in corrections you refer to.

(4) No such thing I say again, How could you follow the Counsel and Court '*with the most scrupulous care*,' when the speeches of hours appear in a few pages. There is a remarkable error still existing in your report, though I myself corrected it once for you, and spoke to you afterwards about it, in your reference *to the indictment itself*. I should not have mentioned this, but for the *surprise* you have thought proper to express.

(5) Very true. But I did it for your sake—and at your request—not for my own; my report was already written out, and ready for publication; and you will be *pleased* to remember, I hope, that correcting the errors of another and *re-writing* a pamphlet are two very different things. But for my *corrections*, your report would have been—I will not say what—for I am not disposed to quarrel with you, though you *do* want me to pay for heating the poker.

(6) *Good* comparatively—not *positively*; good enough for lawyers, though not good enough for Phrenologists or other people. But this was after I had corrected it, and before I saw the *legal* error, referred to.

(7) I tried to keep my promise—but the Annals would'nt let me—and I am obliged to do it here.

(8) Wish I could—but can't, my dear fellow. *Your* 'Report of the case of Mitchell,' is the best in the world—*except my own!* Yea more, it is a *good* report—a very good one, compared with reports of trials that usually ap- in our country. But still it is not such a report as the case, the Court, the Counsel, the bar, the jury, or the multitude require. Yours truly, J. N.

P. S.—I have *not* taken out '*a copy-right*.'

ERRORS. If our penmanship does not improve, we shall get ahead in the correction of errors, pretty much as the boy did, going to school—one step forward and two back; and have to face about as he did and try t'other way. Some trivial errors are worth correcting, simply from the fact they are trivial—such as a reader would not be likely to perceive. In the article ENGLAND, of last week for '*Research* the whole history,' &c. &c. read—'*Ransack* the whole history,' &c. &c.; and for 'Yet in estimating I will not say the comparative *morality*, but the comparative *decency* of the English and the Americans, it is a *virtue* of itself,'—please read—it is a *volume* of itself.

There is a precious bit of nonsense in the *sixth* line of the *last* paragraph of the article headed, 'THE TWO FANNIES,'—the words, '*we still believed her worth seeing*,'—stand—'*that she was worth seeing*;' and again just below, for 'You may see about as good acting as the best of hers or her father's, *in this comedy*'—please read—in this *country*. For *laughing* it out, read *toughing* it out. For 'they have *neither respect to country or time*,' read—'they have *no patience with her, nor respect for her*.' For these errors no human being is to blame but the *manuscript*—and the *mail*—and the author. N.

NEWSPAPERS AND NEWSPAPER-EDITORS.

NEWSPAPERS are no longer what they were. Time was, in the outbreaking of the Revolutionary War, when the foremost men of the age were glad to write for newspapers, and for nothing. Our noble Fathers were always in the breach, and always armed, like the watchmen of Israel.—They were our household troops—the life-guard of a great Empire in its infancy—they lived and died on the ramparts of our salvation. And they did all this, without being paid for it.—Would Benjamin Franklin, or John Adams, or Samuel Adams, or John Jay, or James Madison, or Alexander Hamilton, or Fisher Ames, or any one of the multitude of giants—aye and they *were* giants—giants alike, in virtue as in strength of purpose—Would they have consented to receive pay for so ministering at the Altars, and so watching the Citadels of Freedom? No.—And if times have changed, and inferior men are now *paid* for similar, though inferior labor, and altogether less peril, not as *they* were of old by the approbation of their own hearts and the generous confidence of a youthful people, starting out of the very Earth as it were, into sudden, and active, and most astonishing life—but in dollars and cents—If all these changes have happened, whose fault is it? Is it the fault of the newspaper-publisher? No—for, apart from the sordid and vulgar interest, which might make him desire to obtain for nothing what he sells for much, the glorious ore of the unvisited heart, and the slowly-elaborated imagination of the wise and thoughtful, without money and without price, not to be given away freely, because, following the injunctions of Scripture, it had been received freely, but to be retailed by pennyweights and pennyworths.—Apart from all this, supposing him to be a man, with a tolerable share of good sense, he would prefer the unbought, unsolicited labors of such men, as the men of the Revolution, *if* they could be had for love or money, to that of all others for nothing. But they cannot. Those who most resemble them, are men of other days, aged men, men of exalted virtue and a settled abhorrence of the principles that prevail throughout our land, political, moral and religious. How are such men to be roused? Not by money. Not by the approbation of the unthinking multitude, to whom all newspapers are alike.—By nothing short of some great danger to their beloved country—when clouds and thick darkness are besetting her temples and her altars—when the great deep utters a voice along her whole Frontier, till the very foundations of our strength answer to it with trembling, and sights are seen overhead in the sky—and the roar of artillery heard from the deep of the wilderness—these are the things—these!—the sounds and sights that our fathers were familiar with in the days of their tribulation, to wake up the survivors and the elder-born of the survivors. And with the rest of mankind—there is no hope. What care they for their country? Generally speaking—*what care they for their country?* They may talk as they please—brag all their lives long of her transcendant excellence—the advantages her people enjoy over those of every nation of the earth; and above every other people and every other form of government. But do they understand her history?—Are they familiar with her resources?—Are they able to look into the future, and foretell, with any degree of certainty, what her natural progress may be, and *must* be, if we are faithful to ourselves?—which God knows, we are not. Else we should never see men—fathers—citizens—Americans—pretending to love their country, and proud of her institutions, flinching from the duty of *voting*, as if it were a *tax*, instead of a *privilege*; or from that still higher duty—if a higher duty can be imagined under a Republican form of government—*the duty of judging for themselves*. Would our fathers have done these things?—Would they have permitted them? No—like the Father of the Faithful himself, they would have offered up their youngest born, the child of their old age, on the first pile of rude rocks, they came to, sooner than behold such duties neglected, or such mighty privileges dishonored. And then look at the pretence! Quiet-minded, grave, influential men keep away from the polls, perhaps—or from places of political enquiry—because they cannot endure such scenes of turbulence and contention! What an excuse for such behavior! But for the sober-minded and quiet having so reasoned, and so acted heretofore, these places would never have been what they are now, scenes of contention and uproar. The disorderly would be kept in awe by the preponderating influence, dignity and sincerity of the few. But let others continue so to reason and so to act, and after a few more years it will be considered discreditable for sober-minded men to appear at the polls, and then—mark the inevitable consequence—*the whole government of the country will be in the hands of the turbulent and the unprincipled.* We care nothing for parties—we speak not to partizans—for ourselves, we are of no party, either in religion or politics—but we speak of what *must* happen, if these opinions prevail.

But to return.—Whose fault is it then, if our newspapers are not what they were, half a century ago, in that which gives weight and value to a newspaper? Not the publisher's—for they would be glad to have such men write for them, as wrote for the Editors of the Revolution, and on the same terms too! But they can't get them—they are not to be *had*—for love or money. The few that survive are sky-ward in their course. They are above the world.—Newspapers are beneath them. And as for their sons—they are not worth having. What then is to be done? We have twelve hundred newspapers in our country, which cost the people, including postage, probably five millions a year. Until within a few years, there was not one Editor, qualified or not qualified, to every fifty papers. They were made up generally by young printers just out of their time, assisted by young lawyers just out of theirs—with Tom, Dick and Harry to help them, as a flying squad of skirmishers, sharpshooters and supernumeraries. And almost every paper was a duplicate of some forty or fifty others, ground over. Yet under all these disadvantages, and with all these faults, newspapers had, and must continue to have in this country, more *influence than all other literature put together*. If you doubt—go forth into the streets of some village just discovered in the thick of the Western Wilderness, where the trees are yet growing, or the stumps rotting, side by side with their meeting-houses, and court-houses, and school-houses; or into the most crowded thoroughfares of New York or Philadelphia, a single hour after the newspapers are abroad, and reckon up the opinions you hear expressed in *exact accordance with, and often in the very language of the last newspaper*—written by nobody knows whom; and then ask yourself whether we have, or have not, over-rated their influence.

To conclude. The fault is with the public—or we should have better papers. And though our principal proprietors are beginning to spare no expense upon their Editors, travellers, reporters, &c. &c.—such as they are—it will be a long time before newspapers are what they should be, and *might* be, if proprietors were properly encouraged, unless the people wake up and determine to do *justly* by those who do *generously* by them. N.

MR. BOOTH. A strange oversight occurred in our last number. In the article headed *American Actors at home*, borrowed from—nobody knows where—one would believe that Booth was regarded by the author as an American actor, for he says,—'And we do not doubt that should Booth or Forrest appear upon their boards their success would be decided and brilliant.' Now we happen to know something of this matter, and are very far from entertaining any such idea. Booth is an Englishman by birth and education. He was got up while Kean was at the zenith in one house, as an offset for him in the other. He succeeded—notwithstanding the great *accidental* resemblance of configuration, voice, &c. &c. which led him to be regarded as a mere copy of Kean, while of the two perhaps, Booth was the most original; but a shameful trick was played with him—he forgot himself—and his abandonment of, or rather banishment *from* the British stage was the immediate consequence. After some years, he returned to London once more, and was permitted to try his luck for one prize night in *Brutus*. The selection was unfortunate—he played well—was well received—but every thing the audience were delighted with, was credited to Keane, every thing else to Booth. We saw him through that trial and we have not seen him since; though we regard him as one of the two or three *best* living actors—nay more—as one of the two or three best actors that have ever lived. Having been tried over and over again by a British audience, there would seem to be no reason for believing now that if '*Booth should appear upon the London boards, his success would be decided and brilliant*.' And so with Forrest—If he is not exceedingly improved since we saw him in two of his best characters, Metamora and Cains

Marius, notwithstanding their Wallacks and others, stage managers at home—Richards and Hamlets here—they would turn him over to Astley's or the Surry Theatre, as a melo-dramatic imitator of Macready and Kean—both followers, by the way, of Cooke—who was himself a follower of Macklin.

Were the author's wits a wool-gathering, that he should forget Pelby—poor, dear Pelby—and *his* reception by a London audience? May be, he'd never seen the gold medal?—nor heard the history thereof? The truth is, that our people have short memories—they remember kicks only while they are smarting. Even favors must be repeated occasionally. Talk about creditors having the best memories, and debtors, the worst; according to Benjamin Franklin, debtors are fools to us, and creditors fools to the British. They remember every thing; we nothing. By the by, this brings to our recollection that idea of a sleigh ride—referred to the other day by our junior editor—He had forgotten the author, it was old Ben. Franklin—and he forgot to leave the doors all open, and set the servants running up and down through a long entry, jingling the bells. With these additions, the *sleigh ride* were perfect; without them—sliding uphill—backwards—after the snow is gone—rough-shod. N.

DUELLING.

'Honor and shame from no condition rise.'

PATRICK O'FLYNN is walking up Ann street in all the pride of a lord of Creation, with one of the fairest daughters of the Emerald Isle upon his arm. Phelim O'Rourke who a week before, perhaps, was the favored and acknowledged suitor of the said fair daughter, burning with whiskey, rage and jealousy to see her thus attended, steps up and tips Patrick a sweetner between his peepers. Patrick replies in kind, whereupon duplies, treplies, quadruplies, and other plies fistical, are plied beyond our numerical knowledge. Perhaps in the fray an ugly bit of steel is shown, while the lady stands by, holding the garments of the combatants and consenting to the battle—or by her outcries awakes the watch. Forthwith the trio, knights militant, fair ladye and all, are consigned to the donjon keep, till his honor, the Justice of the Police Court takes cognizance of the case, and 'Say three months in the House of Correction, Mr Clerk,' ends for the three, this 'sad eventful history.'

Is *this* an affair of *honor?*—Oh no.

Two bucks who sport each an ivory tipped *Kemble* walking-stick instead of a shillelah; opera-glasses; whiskers, and white kid glove, are severally enamored of the eyebrows of some damsel. Over their champagne one of the aspirants toasts the lady—whereat the other wrings his nose,—thereby assuming one of the duties of a farmer.—The other d—ms him, wipes the snout so violated with a perfumed cambric kerchief, and retiring to his chamber, aided, abetted and instigated by some blood-thirsty friend, despatches a declaration of war to the other, penned on a sheet of Bath post. They meet and exchange shots—that is to say each fires at the top of the nearest tree which stands in the range of his opponent.

The sovereignest thing on earth
Is burnt salt-petre for one's wounded honor.

Is *this* an *affair of honor?*—Oh yes.

Two politicians have a brush at the hustings. They throw out the premonitory symptoms of fight; but still delay, and for a brace of years, each 'digests the venom of his spleen,' and one or both practice target-shooting. At the end of that time they meet, and the life of the least skilful is saved by the bone of his arm, or the skin of his teeth. One is the representative of the people—and both have been candidates for their suffrages.

Is *this* an *affair of honor?*—Certainly.

The affirmatives to the two last question are given according to the code—but to our apprehension, there is more honor in Phelim than in the challengers in the cases last cited. Phelim's honor '*spurred* him on,' and he jumped at Patrick's face with as much alacrity as an Arabian horse would clear a five-barred gate, with the rowel in his flanks. Honor only *goaded* Bucky and the politician, and was as long in bringing the reluctant heroes to the scratch, as a yoke of cattle would be in 'being goaded' up a hill with a heavy weight behind them. It is matter of wonder to those who like us, have an aversion for the smell of gunpowder, how any one can seek satisfaction for an affront by giving the offender the use of his body as a target. Ridicule or death are the only two alternatives in the event of a meeting—wounds aside; for a bullet-perforated skin will not save the duellist the gratification of being a laughing-stock.

In New Orleans the 'Court of Honor' by which all insults to dignity were to have been adjudged and adjusted, has proved a failure. Duels are said to be much more frequent than visits to church, among the hot-blooded residents in that city—and they will be, till public opinion shall have learned to class such brawls where they belong; with police cases. Duelling should incapacitate any man, however high his station, or his talents, from political honor. The suffrages of peaceable citizens, should, in all cases, be withheld from brawlers, who would decide the relative merits of a horse, a mistress, a glass of wine, or a venison steak at the point of a sword. What dependence is to be placed on the services of that man who affects to hold his life so cheap, that he would expose it, in cool-blood, for the decision of a silly brawl, a bet on the roulette table, or a point in that other species of gambling—politics? W.

CHEESE PARINGS.

PECULIARITIES OF SPEECH. The Southerner, who says *mighty little*, wonders at the Northerner, who says *dreadful pretty*. The *reckoner* of the West and the *guesser* of the East, are always laughing at each other's absurdities. But the English beat them both hollow. In the same breath, while an Englishman charges a Yankee with pronouncing engine, *injyne*, he, himself, pronounces it *injun!*—precisely as most Americans pronounce the word *Indian*.

LIBERAL OPINIONS. There is now upon the Statute Book of a free and sovereign State, where every man is a sovereign—'a commonwealth of Kings' therefore—a generous community, exceedingly boastful of their sufferings and their sacrifices for the establishment of liberal opinions—a law against the intermarriage of those who happen to differ a little in color. A penalty of £50 is incurred by marrying any white person to any negro, *Indian* or *mulatto*; and the marriage itself is declared absolutely void. By a law of 1705, no person of a *christian nation* could marry a negro or mulatto'—And where do you think this was—and *is?*—Among the barbarians of the old world—or the New? Guess. Why not forbid the intermarriage of red and black hair, of snub noses with acquiline or cock-ups, of the squint-eyed, parrot-toed, or hump-backed, with those who happen to be neither. Why not leave these things to regulate themselves. Law is nothing—public opinion every thing in such matters. If public opinion is arrayed against these conjunctions, the law is idle—if indifferent, or in favor of them—worse than idle—positively mischievous. In England, white women associate with black men, *because* they are black men; and marry men for being black, whom they would not allow to approach them if they were white. So much for *reaction*. But the other day as it were, niggers were offered for sale in the London papers. Now there are only white members of Parliament.

COBBETT. One of the greatest scoundrels alive. He abuses his friends to prove his impartiality. He over-praises people for fear of being thought envious or jealous. The Key to his whole character—whole history—and whole life is—a love of contradiction. To that, even his love of notoriety is subordinate.

A CHARACTER. There goes a man who values himself upon resembling nobody. People say that he is always alike. They know his hand-writing, wherever they see it—and never stop to ascertain how. They are sadly mistaken. It is not so much that he always resembles himself, as that, in whatever he does, he resembles nobody else.

TITLES. Time was when George Washington was never mentioned, even in the North American Review, but as George Washington *Esquire*, or *General* Washington. All our authors published their works, and some with engraved title pages, by A— B—, Esquire, as large as life. But this fashion has gone by—we have George Washington's Works by Jared Sparks now, one of the Editors of that very North American Review, which sinned most openly against the genius of our institutions. And at the death of the late President Adams, he was universally called John Adams in the newspapers. 'Death of John Adams,'—that was the simple and august annunciation. But we still have our *Excellencies*—in a small way—our *Honors*, and our *Honorables*, such as they are—and in all our Courts of Justice, in the *printed forms*, and in all the etiquette of Judicial procedure, we see nothing, we hear nothing but *Your Honor*—*If your Honor* pleases, and May it please the *Honorable* Court, &c. &c. Are these things ever to be abolished? We say yes. And though lawyers and judges may not be foremost in that work of reform, depend upon it, fellow-citizens they will not be the last, after they are once fully awake to the absurdity and mischief that lurk here. Names are things. And we venture to predict *that within five years from this day*, our lawyers will be as much ashamed to say your Honor, to an American judge; and every American judge, this side of the British Dominions, as unwilling to be called your Honor, as any respectable man would be now to speak of George Washington *Esquire*. Your *Honor!* Why not say *My Lord?* Our Judges have just as good a right to the one title as to the other! And our lawyers just as good a right to say, no *my Lord!* as, no *your Honor!*—Names are things, we see again.

PRONUNCIATION. At Baltimore they say decisive, dif-fic-ult, conspikyus, intellectyal and adver-tis; at Boston mischiev-ous and my-self, town-*clerk*, highway-man, and throughout New England, scaugh for scoff, cote for coat, bootcher for butcher and coch for coach; in England *Saint*-James, for Saint-*James*, *Saint* Johnswood, for Saint John'swood.

'Awake my *Saint* John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.'

Marrow-bone, for Mary-le-bone, (not *le bonne*; probably from *bourne*, as *Ty-burne* from *Ty-bourne*, the little stream of Tye,) Grazin' Lane for Gray's Inn Lane, Carey for Carew, and Cholmley for Cholmondelly, Cook for Coke, and Cooper for Cowper, Cummins for Comyns, Bartl'my Fair, instead of Bartholomew-Fair, &c. &c.

FALSE RHYTHM. Rhythm and Sense at open war; music and meaning; cadence and emphasis.

'What cared he *for* the freedom of the crowd,
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.—*Byron.*

Saith Music.

'What cared *he* for the freedom of the crowd,
He raised the humble but to bend the proud.

Saith Meaning.

THE FAIR. Women have a way of appearing more in love than they are, even while pretending to be less in love than they are. They pat your cheek and say 'I don't love you one bit'—when the truth is they *do* love you—just about one bit.

SELF-LOVE. This quality shows itself oddly enough sometimes. If your neighbor beats you at chess or draughts rather than allow him to be the better player, you abuse yourself. It was your blundering, not his playing, that lost you the game. If we read Shakspeare, we find something unintelligible, or worse—like the '*golden blood* lacing the *silver skin*' of Duncan, we take it for granted that the fault is ours, not his. But wo to a new author who happens to be misprinted or misunderstood—no reader ever thinks of shouldering his faults. Let Shakspeare represent Lady Macbeth, in her wariness and wonderful courage, as *contriving* the silliest story ever invented for the stage, to get her husband out of a scrape—namely that the two grooms of Royal Duncan had murdered him in his sleep, daubed their faces with his blood, and then gone guilty to sleep—instead of complaining, we are loud in our admiration. We insist on the beauty of the idea. Shakspeare's *knowledge of human nature*, the improbability of her contriving a better story, under such circumstances—anything and everything indeed—but the simple truth, that in this and similar cases William Shakspeare was an ass, and we his worshippers. Under every change, and shadow of change, it is but self-love still—

'As sunshine—————in the rill,
Though turned aside is *sunshine* still.'

If people see a picture and are in doubt—they decide at once for or against themselves, as the artist happens to be celebrated or not. It is out of drawing if painted by A. B. or C—in drawing with a wonderful effect, the management of a master, if by Titian, or Vandyke, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Sir Thomas Lawrence. Every slip of the pen is *charged* to A as a blunder of orthography or grammar; every blunder in orthography or grammar credited to B as a slip of the pen? Why, A is educated, B not. Why should this make a difference in our estimate of *facts?* Upon the same principle, we suffer a man of good character to escape, where another of doubtful character is condemned—though character *is not allowed to be put in issue*. A is found in possession of a stolen watch—he says he found it, walking alone. He is never questioned further; or if it goes to the grand jury, they throw out the bill; or if they find a bill, the petty jury throw *that* out. B is found with the same watch—under the same circumstances—he tells the same story, and goes five years to the state's-prison for it, and why? Because he was a stranger—and character is not allowed to be put in issue—till it is too late. Such is law. Such the *Perfection of Reason*.

LIBERATION OF YORK. In 1257 all persons held in bondage within the Republic of Bologna were set free: the Republic paying for them at the rate of £10 a head for all over fourteen, all under £8; *Ghirar darchi.*

SUICIDES. There was a strange moral epidemic in a city of Greece at one time. It was all the fashion for young to drown themselves. Every morning the bodies of young and beautiful girls were fished up. The authorities tried all sorts of measures to put a stop to the practice, but in vain, till somebody thought of exposing their bodies after death—naked—in the public market place. This proved effectual. Modesty, therefore, did what the fear of death could not, with the women of early Greece. Not so with Rome. The most celebrated of the Roman, matrons, Lucretia herself, chose to be *guilty* with a prince, rather than be *suspected* with a slave. Dr Sayer of England, says, that in nine cases out of ten, the young women who are fished up, are found pregnant. Were this fact generally known, a stop to this mode of death would be the immediate consequence. The poor creatures die to *conceal* their shame. To die in this way, would be to *publish their shame*.

AN UNIVERSAL FAULT where *communis error* does not *facit jus!*

'Why then heaven's benison be with *you*,
Thou'lt need it, if thou tarriest longer here.
Bertram, *A.* 1 *S.* 1.

'You will understand me then *thou* wilful boy.—*Vivian Grey. B.* 3, *C* 6.

'*You* are but echoing the worlds deceit, and even at this hour of the night, *thou* darest not speak as *thou* dost think.'—*Same.*

NOTIONS OF ENGLISH READERS ABOUT THE UNITED STATES. The United States have *by Legislative enactment* prohibited impressment.' Brittania's Oracle. Examiner 942, p. 138.

Mr *Clay*, the Vice President of the United States takes the chair, when the speaker enters into the debate. L. Austin, a writer in the Westminster Review, and a leader in the celebrated Union Debating Society, established in '24 at the Free Masons' tavern led on, by the Cambridge and Oxford graduates and certain members of parliament. Roebuck, M. P. was one.

'The American character is greatly reproached with a sordid pursuit of wealth that absorbs *all intellectual energy*, and a remarkable defect of the sense of honor, lost in popular equality, which by opposing personal excellence levels all pride of character, and tends thereby to render all moral and social improvements attainable only through the advancement of intellect with power.' Carlisle's Republican, 21, vol 13, May 24, 26, p 672.

The *John Bull* newspaper, some years ago, (May 21, '26) speaking of Mr Price of New York, then about engaging with one of the large London Theatres, Drury Lane, or Covent Garden, we forget which, and of a speech made by him at the Theatrical Fund dinner, called Mr Price the *proprietor of all the American theatres.* Yet Theodore Hook was well acquainted with Mr P. and liked him prodigiously.

We once heard a very worthy old gentleman declare that the titles of *General*, *Judge*, *&c*, *&c*. were *hereditary* in the United States. On being questioned he had it from his brother, who ought to know, as he died of the *plague* in Philadelphia! Perhaps his brother had mentioned the order of *Cincinnati*.

'*Private letters* state that a subscription for the relief of the *late* president of the United States, Mr Jefferson, has commenced in his *native town*, Boston.' Athe, May 23.

'*Philadelphia*' (not *Pennsylvania*—nor Maryland, nor Rhode Island!)—Philadelphia had, we believe, the honor to be the first spot where religious liberty was *fully* and *solemnly established*. Scotsman & Examiner, June 18, '26, 394.

BEER. 'This is an article of beverage in almost every country. The Chinese prepare it from rice, the *Americans from maize*.' Treatise on diet by Dr Paris, M. D. F. R. S. &c &c. N.

STRAWS.

In Spain the beggars, cowled ones especially, beg 'for the love of God.' This would be perfectly irresistible, if an answer equally potent were not current;—'Perdona usted per Dios, hermano!' 'Excuse us for God's sake, brother!'

One great fault of Bulwer's writings, is, that his scoundrels hardly ever seem '*less than archangel*' perfect, but not ruined. Their crimes are peccadilloes, their vices circumstances, and their conversation just such logic as we may imagine the Serpent seduced Eve withal. Detached portions of Paul Clifford's language, or that of his logical compeers, would completely whitewash any rogue, at least in his own esteem. The whole tenor of Paul Clifford, and the way he cheated the gallows, is of as good moral tendency as the life of a man who escapes perdition by the skin of his teeth as a death bed penitent. 'There is nothing but roguery in villainous man,' show him a long lane, tempting—and no matter how hazardous, if you show but a corner at the end, no matter how short, and a chance, no matter how small, to cheat his infernal majesty; man will venture. The one good end of Paul's biography, is to show the evil tendency of the way in which the penalties of the law are inflicted;—but there are a thousand better ways of doing it than by canonizing a scoundrel. In the Last Days of Pompeii, Arbaces is another precious rascal.

What has become of the revelation of the mystery of the authorship of Junius, which was to have happened upon the late decease of a certain Lord Somebody? Lord Byron wrote of those letters,

'Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if there be mouth or author.'

Recent travellers have traced the Niger, and if the authorship of Junius should now leak out, it would be deemed a 'wonderful coincidence,' if not a prophecy. By the way, of prophecies, the newspapers say, '*In a month*, the time will have expired, at the end of which, Buonaparte said Europe would be Cossack or Republican.' '*In a month*;' this reminds one of the Maid's age who had been thirty for ten years. The paragraph has been running nearly a month and will at the usual ratio of the longevity of newspaper paragraphs, travel a twelvemonth longer, verbatim.

One of the Aldermen of the City of New York, lately introduced at a meeting of the Board, a resolution to *licence houses of ill fame*. We know not what action was had upon it, but we can *guess* what action would be had upon his Aldermanic pate, *if* he had a Yankee girl for a wife.—The proposition is abominable—and the man who could muster effrontery to make it, is a disgrace to the board.—It is true that such licences are granted in European cities; so does the Turkish Pacha measure justice by sequins—but neither the one or the other practice are 'worthy of all example.'

Noah's oldest boy thinks that 'all editors have to do is to take pieces from one newspaper to put into another.'—He sees his father's exchanges probably. W.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

Life of Rev George Crabbe, L.L.B. By his son, the Rev George Crabbe, A.M. Cambridge & Boston, James Munroe & Co.

We are pleased to see a republication of this work in this country—and pleased, that issued from the Cambridge Press, it is not printed on brown paper, as is the Philadelphia custom;—its typography and general mechanical appearance are neat.—For the contents. It is one of the most interesting volumes of Biography we have met for many a day. In the life of a modest and unobtrusive clergyman and poet, there is little to arrest the attention of such readers as can be awakened only by thunder claps and artillery, and interested only by the machinations of courts and the affairs of nations. The book will be read by those who like to peep into the poor devil author's garret—and to read the relations of his struggles against penury and obscurity, before the light of his genius, the energy of his mind, and untiring industry had placed him above want and among the famed. The lovers of unaffected and sincere piety will also find much to admire in the character of Crabbe. It is a very acceptable work, and taking into consideration the fact that a son is the biographer, an unusually impartial one. It has no more of a son's partiality for a father than does that son credit. We commend the book to all admirers of the Poet's works as an indispensable companion for the Poems, as it details the circumstances under which most of them were written and published. W.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for February. The second of the new volume in numerical order—the first in merit. It contains indeed a better variety of interesting matter than any preceding number for months. The first article, 'Old News,' transports one back to the knee buckles and 'solemn wigs' of 1700, and gathers traits of the times from the newspapers of that day. The second is a series of Sonnets from the Slavonian, by Percival. 'My Visit to Niagara,' is by the author of the 'Gentle Boy,'—and the 'Gray Champion.' We wish he would give us more of his series of tales like 'Mr Heginbotham'—which appeared a few numbers since in the Magazine. We have not space to notice each article, and have taken the first in order, but refer the reader to the table of contents in our advertising columns—or for a better reference, give him the name of the publisher, Mr E. R. Broaders, 127, Washington street. W.

HORTICULTURAL REGISTER. We are pleased to announce that Mr Barrett has received sufficient encouragement to ensure the permanent success of this magazine.—The number for February, is embellished with an elegant lithograph engraving of the Salpiglossis. Mr J. E. Teschemacher, has become associated with Mr Fessenden in the Editorial management. W.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for January contains an article upon 'Our Own Country.' It is evidently from the pen of Brooks, of the Portland Advertiser. One rises from the perusal of it, proud of his native land. 'Leaves from an Aeronaut,' over the signature of 'D' is interesting. Qu. Durant? Allen & Ticknor, Samuel Colman, and E. R. Broaders are agents in this city. Those who have taken a distaste to the Knickerbocker from the windy management of Peabody & Co. will be agreably disappointed, if they examine it as it is now issued by Clark and Edson.—Some of the best writers of the day are among its contributors. W.

BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.—This is a work we always see upon our table with pleasure. It ought to be in the hands of every practitioner, surgical or medical of our country. The oldest would be refreshed—ay, and informed, upon what the rest of the world is doing—and the youngest encouraged to correspondent efforts. N.

YANKEE FARMER, Cornish Me. S. W. Cole, Editor and Proprietor. We are right glad, as they say in the south, to see the Farmers of Maine waking up to a right appreciation of their own value. This little paper is a proof that they understand their business—it would not be encouraged else. Wonderful as it may appear, the resources of Maine are not understood by one of a thousand among our own people; and among strangers, all they know of her is that she is famous for *lumber* of all sorts and over-peopled with Down-Easters. But they do not know that her ratio of increase of population is greater than that of a large majority of the States; that her tonnage is—we do not know ourselves exactly how *much*, but say three times more than would be believed by the ship-holders of New York and Pennsylvania; and her agricultural resources, notwithstanding her climate and soil—for what she wants of sunshine she has in rocks—are absolutely inexhaustible; nay that a large part of her lands are among the very best in North America; and what is yet more wonderful, is, that her stout-hearted and stout-fisted yeomanry, instead of leaving her by hundreds and thousands as they did a few years ago, for the South and West, are either staying at home here—*Down-East*, or returning home—by hundreds from *Up-West*. N.

THE JEFFERSONIAN. Here is a decided political paper (and on the wrong side too, as we would say any where else but in a paper, professing to eschew politics) which may be read by all with safety, nay much advantage by people of any side. Sober, dignified and praise-worthy—'*all but*,' as our brethren of the South would say, it sets a good example to those who, going the whole hog, or against the whole hog, are for going either way, as if they themselves were unable to go otherwise; obstinate and filthy, it is dangerous getting near a political paper, as generally conducted. There are exceptions to be sure—the Courier & Enquirer of New York—there's a paper worth reading, no matter what side it is on. So with Mordecai Manasseh Noah. You forget politics when you read him. N.

THE ALBION. Here is another paper worthy of all commendation. Devoted to English, or rather British news, and British Literature, and edited by a Scotchman, it is *nevertheless*, one of the best papers we ever see. It has now been established eighteen years, and goes on prospering from day to day, and what is still more, deserving to prosper. N.

HAYDN'S PHILHARMONIC GAME. The Yankees have been laughed at for teaching grammar by machinery—but here's a man—a great master, too, who taught people to compose music by the Multiplication table. It is, however, a work of rare merit—a plaything for choice purposes—a string of pearls for others; and the style in which it is re-produced by the Boston Bewick Company, is worthy of all praise. We have no room to say more; but we might add that we have seen no such *printed* music. N.

LECTURES ON PHRENOLOGY. More laborers in the field! A young man who was a preacher of the Gospel the other day, has lately betaken himself to the study of Anatomy in connection with Phrenology, and is now lecturing to good effect on the latter Science, at Bath, Maine. His name is Barlow, and he is said to be eloquent and satisfactory.

ROCK FORT ON THE ILLINOIS. There is a very clever steel engraving in the *Lady's Companion*, of this month, by Maverick, from a spirited drawing by H. Inman, of this remarkable bit of scenery. N.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES. The admirers of this gentleman's writings will be pleased to hear that he contemplates the delivery of a course of Lectures on Dramatic Poetry, in this city. We run no risk in predicting that such a course would be liberally patronized by Bostonians. —It is said that Mr Knowles has a drama in preparation, founded on American history.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE Publishers of the Galaxy feel obliged to decline answering orders for the paper which come from persons out of the city, without subscription money or reference. This being their *invariable* rule, no person can consider himself particularly offended by a refusal. If they forwarded to some orders, and neglected others, there might be ground for complaint—but no distinction is made.

DUMONT'S BENTHAM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY, BY JOHN NEAL.—WITH NOTES.

CHAP. IV.

Of Laws relating to Subsistence.

WHAT can the law do for Subsistence? Nothing directly. All it can do, is to create *motives*, that is to say, punishments or rewards, by force of which people may be led to furnish Subsistence for themselves; but Nature has created the motives already, and given to them a sufficient energy. Before any body had an idea of the law, *Wants* and the *Pleasures* had done with regard to this, all that the best contrived laws could ever do. Wants, accompanied with every sort of suffering and by death itself, commanded man to labor; sharpened his courage, inspired foresight and developed all his faculties. Pleasures, the inseparable companion of every want satisfied, established an inexhaustible fund of reward for those who had surmounted the obstacles and fulfilled the purposes of Nature.

The power of the physical sanction being sufficient, the employment of the political sanction would be superfluous.

Moreover, the motives which depend upon law, are always more or less precarious in their operation. This is owing to the imperfection of the laws themselves, or to the difficulty of verifying the facts, for the purpose of offering to them either punishment or reward. The hope of impunity lurks at the bottom of all hearts, through all the intermediate degrees it is necessary to pass, before the fulfilment of the law; but the natural results which one may regard as the chastisements, or as the rewards of Nature admit of little uncertainty. No evasion, no delay, no favor: Experience announces the result, Experience confirms it; every day serves but to strengthen the lessons of the evening, and the consequences are so uniform as to leave no room for doubt. What could be added by direct laws to the constant and irresistible power of natural motives?

But the law may provide, indirectly for Subsistence, by protecting men while they labor; and by securing to them the fruits of their industry, after they have labored. *Security* for the laborer. *Security* for the product of labor—such is the benefit of law: it is inestimable.

CHAP V.

Of Laws relating to Abundance.

ARE laws to be made directing individuals not to confine themselves to a simple Subsistence, but to provide for Abundance? No—this would be a very superfluous employment of artificial means, while natural means are competent.—The attraction of pleasure, the succession of wants, the active desire of adding to our comforts, will generate forever, under the guardianship of Security, new efforts toward new acquisitions. The wants, the enjoyments, these universal agents of society, after having husbanded the first sheaves of wheat, will raise up, by little and little, the store-houses of Abundance, always growing and always full. Desires extend with possessions. The horizon is enlarged, as we advance, and every new want, accompanied alike with its pain and its pleasure, becomes a new principle of action; Opulence itself, which is but a comparative term, stops not this movement after the impulse has once been communicated; on the contrary, the more means we have, the larger our operations, the greater the recompense, and consequently, the greater also is the power of the motive which animates man to labor. But what are the riches of society, if they are not the sum of all individual riches? And what more is wanted, than the force of these natural motives to carry wealth gradually to the highest possible degree of accumulation?

We have seen that Abundance is produced gradually, by the continued operation of the same causes, which have produced Subsistence. There is then no opposition between these two words. On the contrary, the more Abundance is augmented, the more sure we are of Subsistence. Those who blame Abundance, under the name of Luxury have never taken this view of the subject.

Intemperance, wars, accidents of every sort, so often impair the funds of Subsistence, that a society which had no superfluity, or even but little superfluity, would be subject to occasional want even of the necessaries of life. We see this among the Savages. It was frequent with all nations, in the days of ancient poverty. It happens in our days in countries, which are little favored by Nature, such as Sweden; and in those where the government restrain the operations of commerce, instead of confining itself to protection. But countries where luxury abounds, and where the administration is enlightened, are safe from famine. Such is the happy situation of England.(1) With a free commerce, a useless toy in itself, has its value as a pledge of what may be necessary. The manufactories of luxury become insurance offices against scarcity. A manufactory of beer or starch, becomes a granary. How often do people declaim against horses and dogs for devouring the subsistence of men! These profound politicians are but one degree above those apostles of disinterestedness who, to bring back abundance of corn, set fire to their granaries.

(1) Yes England—notwithstanding her corn-laws, her riots, and the starving peasantry of Ireland. But for a far happier illustration, let us look at home. What have the people of this country to fear from a famine, so long as the great treasure-houses of God Almighty are not broken—land and sea?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FOREIGN.

FROM FRANCE. By the ship Erie, Capt Funk, we have French papers to Dec 24th.—*N. Y. J. Com.*

Nothing had been done in the Chambers relative to the American bill of indemnity. The President's message had not arrived.

The only news of interest of a political nature, respects a victory obtained by the forces of the Queen of Spain over those of Don Carlos.

The *Moniteur* of yesterday publishes—officially the Quadruple Treaty between France, Spain, Great Britain, and Portugal, dated so far back as the 22d April last, and the additional Articles, dated the 18th of August.

Defeat of the Carlists in Spain. The following notice was published by the Spanish Consul at Bayonne on the 16th inst:—

'According to accounts received at this Consulate, this morning, dated from Pampeluna, on the 14th, from Don Victoriano Esai Secretary to Don Francisco Espoz y Mina the 2d, 7th, and 9th Carlist batalions, commanded by the rebel Eraso, were put to the route, on the morning of the 12th, in the Carrascal. On the 13th, the Commander-in-Chief left Pampeluna, at the head of a column, and went in pursuit of the enemy, who were flying in every direction, and in the greatest disorder. On the 14th, at five in the afternoon, his Excellency received a despatch from Brigadier Lopez, commanding the division of Ribera, dated on the 12th, at Sorinda, announcing that on that day, the whole of the rebels had been completely routed by the troops of the Queen; whose cavalry had performed prodigies, and that though he had 160 men wounded, the loss of the enemy was very considerable. I hasten to communicate this news to the subjects and partisans of the Government of my august Sovereign, Donna Isabella II. convinced that it will afford pleasure to all who support her sacred rights.

(Signed) JUAN DE PRATT.'

DOMESTIC.

CITY AFFAIRS. At a Meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday:

John D. Fisher, M. D. was elected a Director of the House of Reformation, in concurrence with the Common Council.

William H. Tileston was chosen Chief Engineer of the Fire Department: sent to the Common Council for concurrence.

Six several remonstrances against opening Chauncy place as a street and highway, read and referred to the committee on streets.

Petition of Wm D. Whitney and others, that Suffolk st, may be made passable: referred.

Remonstrance of Samuel Wales and others, occupants of stalls in Faneuil Hall Market, against allowing stands to persons in South Market street for retailing mutton, lamb and veal: referred.

John D. Williams and Ezra Palmer gave notice of their intention of building on Royal alley, Ann and Blackstone sts: referred.

The Superintendent of the lower bridge to South Boston returned, that 3132 vessels passed the draw last year, and 380 passed the draw of the upper bridge.

Quarterly report of the state of the House of Reformation: read, and sent to the Common Council.

It appears that Capt Hudry, of New Orleans, who it was said committed suicide at Washington, under circumstances which seemed to call for the sympathy of the public, died of a violent hemorrhage of the bowels.

RAILROAD RIOTERS. One of the rioters on the Washington railroad has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and another in the second degree, at Baltimore, for killing Wm Mercer, during the late riots in Maryland.

A destructive fire occurred in New York, on Saturday last. It broke out in a carpenter's shop and consumed several buildings in and near Gold St. Two or three lives were lost.

MURDER. Letters have been received from New Orleans, giving the melancholy intelligence of the murder of Mr Day, a carpenter, son of Mr Asa Day of this city, who left Boston last fall with his wife, to whom he had been married about three months; he was passing the street on his way home, when he accidentally run against a black, who was shutting up a store, and being irritated, threw a brick, which struck Mr Day on the head, breaking his skull—he died in a few hours.—*Trans.*

CONGRESS.

Wednesday, Jan 21. In Senate—A resolution was introduced directing inquiry into the expediency of fixing by law, the time of commencement and close of every succeeding session of Congress. The bill to authorize Registers and Receivers of the Public Land Offices to administer oaths in certain cases, was, on motion of Mr Poindexter, laid on the table. A bill introduced by Mr Preston providing for the detection and punishment of crimes committed in violation of the Pension Laws of the United States; which was twice read and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The petition of John Ross, principal Chief of the Cherokee tribe of Indians, praying that the United States would purchase their lands, and cede them to the State of Georgia &c.' was with the accompanying documents, referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs and ordered to be printed.

In the House, a resolution that a Select Committee be appointed to investigate revolutionary claims, and inquire into the expediency of passing laws to prevent fraud &c, was submitted, but after some discussion its consideration was postponed to the 30th instant.

Mr John Q. Adams inquired of the chair 'who was the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign relations'—Mr Cambreleng informed the gentleman from Massachusetts, that he was the Chairman, having been chosen to that station by the Committee. Mr Adams commented on the introduction of a new usage by which his honorable friend and colleague (Mr Everett) had been superseded, and moved 'that the name of the present Chairman of the Committee be inserted in the journals of the House.' An animated debate, and not in the best humor, followed, and was concluded by laying Mr Adams' motion on the table, Yeas 109, Nays 97.

Thursday, Jan 22. In Senate—The following resolution was agreed to:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to inquire into the expediency of fixing by law, the time of the commencement and close of every succeeding session of Congress.

The following bills from the House, were read a third time and passed:

The joint resolution requiring the statues executed by Persico to be placed in the niches in front of the Capitol, for which they were designed; A bill making appropriations for the current expenses of the Indian Department, for the year 1835.

In the House, After some unimportant business, the House took up the bill reported from the Committe of the Whole, making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of Government for the year 1835.

Friday, Jan 23. In Senate—On motion of Mr Webster, the Senate then resumed the consideration of the army appropriation bill, as in committee on the whole, which after debate, was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time.

The bill making appropriations for certain pensioners of the United States for the year 1835, was read the second time, ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. The bill authorizing a further issuing a scrip in satisfaction of military bounty land warrants, and the bill making appropriations for certain fortifications of the United States for the year 1835, were read the second time, and referred.

A bill making appropriations for revolutionary and other pensioners of the U. S. for the year 1835, and a bill making appropriations for the Indian department for the year 1835, were read a third time, and passed.

Mr Preston, from the Judiciary committee, to which was referred the bill to prevent and punish frauds against the pension laws, reported the same without amendment, the Senate adjourned, over to Monday.

In the House—A spirited debate took place upon Mr M'Carty's resolution, calling upon the President of the U. S. to transmit to the House copies of all letters and correspondence of all Indian Agents and sub-agents, and other persons connected with the Indian Department, now in the Executive or War Department, or in the office of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, &c. &c.—which was ended in the reference of the resolution to the Committee on Indian affairs.

On motion of Mr Vance—

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Treasury communicate to this House the amount paid to the different Custom House officers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, under the provisions of the 2d section of the act act making appropriations for the Civil and Diplomatic expenses of Government for the year 1834.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Saturday, Jan 24. In Senate—Wm H. Moseley, in concurrence, elected Major General of the 4th Division of the Militia.

Petition of Asa G. Welsh and others, for the incorporation of a Bank in Lee. Referred, and sent down.

Messrs Dexter, Waters, Lunt, Austin, Allen, Lawrence, H. Shaw, G. Bliss, Metcalf, Sprout, Rodman and Hedge, were joined to a committee of the House, consisting of one member from each county, to devise a plan for the consideration of the report on the Revised Statues.

In the House—Sundry petitions were, as usual, presented, and severally referred

The Committee on Agriculture reported that it is inexpedient to legislate on the subject of several petitions which had been referred to them praying that provision may be made by law for the destruction of Bears, Foxes and Wildcats.

The Secretary was instructed to lay before the House the returns from the several schools in the Commonwealth.

The discussion was renewed on the passage of the bill to incorporate the Boyden Malleable Cast Iron and Steel Company. The debate continued with much warmth till nearly half-past one o'clock, when, without taking the question, the House adj.

Monday, Jan 26. In Senate—Bill to incorporate the Berkshire Mutual Fire Insurance Company, was taken up, and before the question on the amendment thereon pending it was again laid upon the table.

Ordered, on motion of Mr Rodman, that a Committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the law in relation to Evidence, as to admit proof of the addiction of any witness to intemperance in the use of Ardent Spirits, to go to impair his credibility before any Court or Jury.

In the House—Bills to incorporate the Three River Bridge Company—to alter the terms of the County Commissioners for the County of Plymouth—to incorporate the South Boston Fire and Marine Insurance Co., passed to 2d reading in concurrence.

Petitions—of Josiah Stedman, et al. for incorporation for manufacturing purposes—of Daniel Fellows, et al. for alteration in the License Laws, and for provision by law for the sale of ardent spirits; to be used as a medicine—of N. G. Snelling, et al. for a renewal of the charter of the Mercantile Ins Co., severally referred.

Mr Eustis, from the Committee, reported an order concerning the distribution of improper documents in the Halls of Legislation, and providing that all printed documents shall be distributed by the Messenger or his assistants—laid on the table.

The subject of passing the Bill to incorporate the Boyden Malleable Cast Iron and Steel Company, passed to a third reading, was taken up, and the discussion thereon resumed by Mr Sturgis of Boston. He was followed by Messrs Thayer of Braintree, Blake and Brooks of Boston, and Hathaway of Freetown. The debate continued till two o'clock, when the House adjourned without taking the question.

Tuesday, Jan 27. In Senate—Little business of importance was transacted.

In the House—Ordered, that the committee on Mercantile affairs and Insurance, inquire into the expediency of limiting by law the tenure of the Inspectors of Beef, Pork &c.

Order of notice passed on petition of P. T. Jackson, and Edmund Parker in concurrence.

The Secretary came in with a message from the Governor, accompanied with certain documents, among which were a communication from the Governor of North Carolina, a supplementary report of the Directors of the Lunatic Hospital—and a memorial from the Overseers of Harvard University, laid on the table.

The House balloted for a Senator, but made no choice.

Wednesday, Jan 28. In Senate—The documents accompanying the message of his Excellency the Governor, were severally referred and sent down

The Committee on Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending the statute of 1833, relative to corporations.

Also that the Committee on Probate and Chancery inquire into the expediency of making definite provisions for the adjournment of Courts of Probate.

Bill in addition to an act to regulate the Jurisdiction and proceedings of Courts on Probate passed to be engrossed and sent down.

In the House—The committee on the Judiciary, reported that it is inexpedient to legislate on the subject of defining duties of Reporter of Decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court.

The Clerk was ordered to procure from the office of the U. S Dis Marshal the last census of the commonwealth for the use of the committee on the amendment of the constitution.

The House balloted for a Senator to Congress. On the fifth Ballot John Davis was declared elected on the part of the House.

Thursday, Jan 29. In Senate—The business was rather unimportant.

Thursday next at 12 o'clock, was assigned for the choice of a Senator to Congress.

In the House—Bill to incorporate the Boston Asylum and Farm School, passed to second reading in concurrence.

On motion of Mr Leonard, the Clerk was charged to request of the Senate the transmission of the petition of Wm Vans, and the accompanying papers to the House—where, on being received, after some discussion, it was referred to a Committe, consisting of Messrs Leonard, Bigelow, Newell, Rantoul and Lee.

The debate on the passage of the bill to incorporate the Boyden Iron Company, was renewed and continued till 2 o'clock. It was then ordered to lie on the table till the committee on the subject of limited partnerships shall have reported.

Friday, Jan 30. In Senate—Bills to alter the terms of the County Commissioners for the county of Plymouth; to incorporate the Beverly Academy; to establish a Fire Department in New Bedford, severally passed to be enacted, in concurrence.

In the House—The Committee on the Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the expediency of exempting all persons under 17 years of age, from the payment of poll tax.

Bill reported, granting to Justices of the Peace jurisdiction of action for replevin.

The Committee on the Judiciary were ordered to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of Justices of the Supreme Court.

The usual preliminary business of the morning having been dispensed with, Mr Brigham, of Boston, moved that the Iron bill be taken from the table. Mr B. at some length explained his reasons for the motion. He was followed by Mr Kinnicutt of Worcester. and Mr Everett of Boston, who have extended their remarks till 1 o'clock, without having the question taken whether the bill shall be laid before the House.

Mr Everett continued to address the House till near 2 o'clock, when, without taking any question, the House adj.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Charles W. Taylor, of Vermont, to Harriet Fife; Thomas K. Covell, formerly of Nantucket, to Louisa Converse, of Woburn; James J. Mason to Elizabeth Frances Thorndike; Alvah Resnick to Sarah Glover, both of Boston.

At Newton, Enoch Perkins to Sarah Hunting,

At South Yarmouth, Capt Orburn Howes, of Boston, to Anna Howes Crowell.

At N. Bedford, Nath'l W. P. Cobb to Harriet M. Baker of Dorchester.

At New York, Henry N. Lund to Elizabeth A. Pierce, formerly of this city.

At Louisville, Minot Holmes, of this city, to Martha Carruth.

DEATHS.

In this city, Abigail, wife of Joseph Goodridge; James Bartlett, only son of D. P. Wood 5 mos; Lydia K. Frothingham, 21, daughter of Nath'l Frothingham; Wm B. Bradford Esq, 74; Edward William, twin son of Edward L. Stevens, 16 mos; Hester Anne Wetmore, 44; Sarah, wife of Antonia Domingo, 36; John Norris, 38; Isaac Ellenwood, 33; Nathan Bean, 32; Jas Cummings, 32; Patrick Clary, 40.

At Charlestown, Thomas Chubb, 80 a revolutionary pensioner; Geo H. Bass, 1,

At East Cambridge, Elizabeth Swan Niven, 60, widow of the late John Niven.

At Dorchester, Geo W. Richardson, of this city, 26.

At Dedham, Mrs Zabiah Hawes, 94.

At Hingham, Capt Isaac Easterbrooks, 39; John Lee Esq, Collector of the Port of Hingham.

At Salem, Sam'l Bartoll, 70.

At Newton, Mary, wife of Rev Joseph Grafton.

At Lancaster, Mrs Lydia A. wife of Josephus Wilder, 23.

At Ipswich, Mrs Lois C. Spiller, 29; death occasioned by her clothes taking fire.

As Newburyport, George Burroughs and Samuel Cheney. They had been out in a wherry. fishing, and in attempting to come in, a very heavy sea running, were capsized and drowned.

At Exeter, Sam'l T. Gilman, 33,

At East Sudbury, Ezekiel Rice, 92.

At Camden, Me, Joseph Easterbrooks, only son of Wm Barnes, 9 mos.

At Ludlow, Vt, Joseph French, 80.

At Albany, Mary E, wife of Nath'l Merrill, 25, formerly of Boston.

At New York, Sergeant Andrew Wallabe, 105; Martin J. Hanson, late of the Bowery Theatre, 22.

At New Orleans, Henry L. Stodder of Hingham, 23.

WATER PROOF PREMIUM GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL at the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at No 52, Water street, Boston—viz: Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsman do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydraulic tubery—Ingatur do & *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO, Boston.

FRENCH COOKING

By the DAY or REPAST, on Moderate Terms.

"Until the kitchen muse first framed her Book,
Commanding sweat to stream from every Cook.
The old and young with viands crude were plied.
And friends to physic wondered how they died.'

VICTOR AGANT, an artist Cook who for the last three years has presided over the culinary department of the Tremont House, with, he trusts, some reputation, begs leave to offer his services in the line of his profession to all corporate bodies, societies, clubs, bands of families and *Bac elors*, who may require his aid in preparing Dinners, Suppers wedding and other feasts. He flatters himself from his long practice and experience in the Gastronomic art that he can get up repasts in the most modern and exquisite style of the French School, to the entire satisfaction of all who may honor him with their commands, or patronize him in his endeavors to contribute to the health, comfort and pleasure of his employers.

He also takes the liberty to inform those gentlemen of Boston who have a decided preference and taste for La Cuisine Francaise, that he can furnish ten or twelve persons with dinners (on being notified of their wishes one day in advance) at his house Parva sed apta,*No 4 Province street, opposite Montgomery place.

nov 22 *Small but neat.

NOTICE.

THE entire stock of the late firms of HORACE PORTER & Co. and WILLIAM S WILLIS, comprising an extensive assortment of WATCHES AND JEWELRY, of every description, will be offered at a great reduction, from former prices, until the 15th April next, when the whole must be closed—at No 158 Washington street, opposite Old South. dec 27

BUFFALO & RUSSIA ROBES

FOR sale by B. HOMES, No 100 Milk street

Buffalo Robes per Bale or Single Robe and Squirrel and Fitch Robes of all prices.

Also—200 Dressed Bear Skins and Robes for Sleighs,
1000 Hair Seal for tanning,
1500 Hair Seal for trunks,
60 casks of Raisin in prime order,
500 Dry Grindstones of all sizes,
Cash paid for Shipping Furs at the above store.

jan 3 6w

BUTTER, CHEESE, FIGS, WINES, &c.

50 PACKAGES New York Goshen Butter, extra—50 do do Cheese do—1000 drums superior Elme Figs—50 baskets Champigne, Old Sherry and Madeira Wine—200 M superior Cigars, of different qualities—300 bags superior Salt—50 boxes Dun Fish—100 half chests superior Souchong Tea—10 pipes Weesp Imperial Gin, extra—20 chests Pearl Sago, extra quality—with a great variety of other articles, for sale at No 26 Merchants' Row, by

jan 17 3mis CURTIS GUILD.

PROSPECTUS
OF VOLUME EIGHTEEN OF THE

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND H. HASTINGS WELD, EDITORS.

THE Eighteenth Volume of the *GALAXY*, will commence on the third of January, 1835. In accordance with a promise given not long since, that the paper should advance in literary merit in proportion as it gained in public favor, we have spared no pains or expense to render it worthy of patronage; PRIZES have been paid for a successful TALE & POEM and a liberal remuneration has been given for Original Articles During the last four months there have been published in the columns of the paper no less than SIXTEEN *Original Tales*, and TWENTY ONE *Original Poems*, together with Sketches, Essays, &c., making in all probably a greater quantity of Original matter than has been given of the same quality in any other paper in the United States.

The fact that these exertions have been met by an increase of names upon our subscription list, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations has induced us to engage the services of JOHN NEAL, Esq, of Portland, who will hereafter be associated with H. HASTINGS WELD, Esq, the present editor; in addition to which we offer for Original Articles the following

PRIZES.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE:
FIFTY DOLLARS.
For the best ORIGINAL POEM;
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.
For the best *Article on a Humorous Subject*;
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

The manuscripts may be directed to the Editors of the Galaxy, Boston, post paid, till the last of April, 1835, and the award will be made during the month of May following.—The address of the writer should be enclosed in a sealed note marked 'Name;' and the directions of the successful writers *only* will be opened. All the manuscripts to be at the disposal of the Editors of the Galaxy.

TERMS OF THE GALAXY. Three dollars per annum in advance. As we have no agents, persons at a distance who wish the paper can enclose the amount by mail.—Postmasters and others who may forward the names of four subscribers and twelve dollars, shall receive a fifth copy gratis: or a reasonable commission.

MASTERS & MARDEN.

Boston Dec 20th 1834. No 38 Court Street.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

JUST published the New England Magazine, No 44, for February, 1835.

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By E. R. Broaders 127 Washington Street. jan 31

TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is now about forty years, since the late Dr Samuel Lee of Windham, Conn., (now deceased,) began to furnish the public with his celebrated 'LEE'S WINDHAM BILIOUS PILLS,' or *Family Physic*. Through the agency of *Dr Isaac Thompson of New London, Conn.* these much esteemed *Billious Pills or Family Physic*, have continued ever since they were made known to the public, to give general satisfaction to those who have made use of them *when obtained genuine*; but it is unfortunate for the public, as well as to the proprietor of this celebrated medicine that these Pills have often been counterfeited, and, many families have had a *spurious* article put upon them, when they supposed they had obtained the genuine article: and it is a lamentable fact that *some few* Druggists will purchase the spurious article (knowing them to be such,) and sell them as the *genuine* article, for the paltry gain of dollars on each groce they purchase. The proprietor of this valuable medicine considers it his duty to the public to be at a very great expense in advertising very extensively in the newspapers of the different States, to guard them against being longer imposed upon by having *counterfeit or spurious* Lee's Pills put upon them, when they ask for the *genuine* article. In order that the community may be protected from such gross imposition, the subscriber (now proprietor of these celebrated Pills) signs his name at full length, '*Isaac Thompson,*' on a red label that is on the outside envelope that will be found around each box of the *genuine Lee's* (Windham) *Billious Pills or Family Physic*. If purchasers will only be particular to inquire for Thompson's Lee's Pills and be careful to observe that this name at full length is signed on the red label around each box, in his own hand writing, they will be sure of obtaining the genuine article.

The above mentioned Pills may be had of most of the respectable Druggists throughout the United States, and of the subscriber, (proprietor,) at New London, Conn.

ISAAC THOMPSON.

☞ *To Printers in the United States.* The imposition upon the public in counterfeiting the above Pills, which when genuine have been so fully tested for forty years, that the proprietor calls upon Printers throughout the Union to warn the public, by inserting the above advertisement a few times in their papers, which will greatly benefit their subscribers, and they cannot give them more important information than by inserting the advertisement, *gratis*. They who cannot afford to do this, are authorized to receive one dollar from me, or any one of my agents, they sending to me, or said agent, a paper containing said advertisement. jan 31

TO THE PUBLIC.

DR ISAAC THOMPSON'S Celebrated EYE WATER. This valuable Medicine has been known to the Public for about 30 years, as a most certain cure for WEAK and INFLAMED EYES of almost every description, after most other remedies had been used unsuccessfully; indeed the Proprietor has never knew it fail to effect a cure when applied strictly according to the directions wrapped around each Phial. But it is unfortunate for the Public that this valuable Medicine has often been Counterfeited, and the Counterfeiters encouraged by its being purchased by unprincipled, dealers in Medicine. That the Public may be guarded against imposition, the Proprietor and Inventor now signs his name at full length, "Isaac Thompson," in his own hand writing, on a Red Label, pasted on the outside wrapper of every bottle.—This test, every one must examine before he buys.

That the Public may know the high estimation in which this Eye Water is held by eminent Physicians, the Proprietor subjoins extracts of Letters he has received, giving their opinion of this Medicine.

From Dr Wm Stearns. Salem, Mass, July 14. 1817.

Dr Isaac Thompson—Sir, about five years ago, I was much afflicted with a severe inflammation in my eyes, which continued a long time. I made use of many applications, such as are commonly prescribed for sore eyes, had the advice of many respectable physicians, but could get no relief. I was at last advised to make use of your celebrated Eye water, and by a few applications of it to my eyes, they were completely cured and have continued well ever since. I consider your Eye-water a valuable medicine and recommend it in all cases of sore and inflamed eyes. I remain respectfully, your friend.

WM STEARNS

Extract of a letter from P. Swift, M. D. Nantucket. 6th Mo 19, 1821.

Dr Isaac Thompson—I have lately made use of a dozen or two phials of thy Eye-water in my practice, and find it of superior efficacy in most cases of Ophthalma. I keep a small drug and medicine store, and can often dispose of it, if not too high. This consideration with my frequent use of it in practice, induces me to write.

Respectfully, PAUL SWIFT, M. D.

From Mr Leader Dam. Providence, Aug, 1, 1818,

This may certify that I have been entirely cured of weakness in my eyes by use of one Bottle of Thompson's Eye water, after all other experiments had proved to be of no use for three years. The Eye-water was purchased of Dr Hoppin. LEADER DAM.

From Dr G. W Hoopin. Providence, Dec. 30, 1818.

Dr Isaac Thompson, Sir—above you have Mr L. Dam's certificate. I can assure you from a personal knowledge of this case his eyes were bad in the extreme being inflamed and the external coat much turned out, having been in this situation more than three years. The cure was so effectual an strikingly interesting, that I procured this certificate for your use. I could procure many more of equal cures where I have prescribed the Eye-water. You have my permission to use this information in any way you may thing proper, as the public, in my opinion, are not fully apprised of the value of this medicine.

I am, truly, yours, G. W. HOPPIN.

From Dr Vine Utley Lyme, Conn. Oct, 4, 1827.

This may certify that I have practiced medicine as a physician for thirty years; during this long period of my practice, I have made use of various kinds of Eye-water, in both acute and chronic inflammation of the eyes, and believe with as good success as physicians in general; after all, I find no Eye-water equal to that prepared by Dr Isaac Thompson, of New London, Conn, I would advise those who make use of it to be particular to follow the directions of the Doctor in applying it to the eyes.

VINE UTLEY.

From A. Geyer, Druggist. Boston, April 23, 1833.

Dr Isaac Thompson, dear Sir—Please send me a gross of your Eye Water on the usual terms. I have lately purchased, sir, an article purporting to be Thompson's Eye Water, and which I sold as such—but on inspection and trial, it proved to be an imitation of the most worthless kind—not possessing the least virtue, and resembling your article only in external appearance.

Respectfully, yours, A. GEYER, 104 Hanover st.

AT FEATHER STORE, NO 27

DOCK SQUARE, (South side.)

FOR Sale, Genuine New England Live Geese Feathers; best Southern and Western do do; Russian do; Sicily and various kinds of common and low priced do. Also, Beds, Mattresses, Pew and Chair Cushions, and a general assortment of Bedding and Upholstery Goods.

UPHOLSTERERS' STOCK. Best South American and Russia Hair, picked and unpicked; Florida, New Orleans and Carolina Moss, picked and unpicked, or in al es Moreens, Bed Ticking, &c; at the lowest prices

CHARLES A HUDSON. tf dec 1

☞ *All Lynn Advertisements appear upon the inside of the Galaxy. The advertiser should mark the number of insertions he desires; otherwise his advertisement will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.*

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully give notice to his friends and the public that he continues to transact business at the late stand of Newhall & Hathorne, 1st and 2d doors East of Lynn Hotel. A continuance of the patronage heretofore bestowed is respectfully solicited. J. R. NEWHALL.

Lynn, Nov 22

ON HAND.

AT the store 1st and 2nd Doors East of Lynn Hotel, an extensive assortment of ENGLISH FRENCH, INDIA and AMERICAN GOODS. Also every article in the BOOK and STATIONARY LINE, For sale at unusually low prices.

Lynn, Nov 22.

STRAW BOARD.

FARLESS & WESTON have for sale at their Paper Store Neptune street, Salem, STRAW PASTE BOARD of Superior quality. Also TARRED SHEATHING PAPER a good article for keeping out wind and wet.

The above articles will be delivered at Lynn free of expense.

Salem, Dec 20. eop6w

REMOVAL.

WILLIAM CROSS, *TAILOR.*

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the shop formerly occupied by Joseph P. Jackson, directly opposite the First Methodist Meeting House, where he would invite all those that feel disposed, to give him their support, that he engages to fulfil all orders in his line of business with neatness and despatch. Thankful for past favors and a continuance solicited.

N. B. Garments cut and made are warranted or no compensation required

Lynn, June 28 tf

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

THE subscribers have just received and offer for sale at their Clothing Emporium, Market Street an extensive assortment of Broadcloths of every shade and color; Cassimeres of fashionable stripes and plain; Camblets, goat's hair and imitation; Vestings, Trimmings Suspenders, Gloves, Dickeys, Bosom-pieces, and every article in their line.

Also, a fresh supply of Rogers's Imperial Stocks.

ROPES & LAMSON.

R. & L. feel grateful for the very liberal patronage they have received, and trust to merit a continuance of the same, by manufacturing Gentlemen's Garments from a medium to the extremity of fashion, and in workmanship inferior to none. Lynn. sept 20.

YARN, SOCKS.

1000 PAIR Woolen Socks, also a large lot of White and Colored Yarn, Woolen Mittens Gloves, Comforters, &c, &c., all of which goods will be sold at the store, 1st and 2nd doors East of Lynn Hotel.

Lynn dec 6

LYNN MECHANICS FIRE

AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS which is all paid in and invested according to law, and that they continue to make FIRE INSURANCE for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, and Marine Insurance, for any amount not exceeding $3500 on one risk, at their office, Lynn Mechanics Bank.

MICAJAH C. PRATT, President.

A. RHODES, Sec'y
Lynn, April 5. tf

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE.

THE Selectmen of Lynn will be in session at the Selectmen's Room, on the first Monday in each month from 2 to 4 o'clock P. M.

Lynn, july 19 tf SAM'L NEAL, Chairman.

JOSEPH EDWARDS, JR,

TAILOR.

MASONIC SQUARE, LYNN.

CONTINUE to execute all orders in his line, with promptness, and in the best style. Having none but first rate workmen, he feels confident that all garments made by him will suffer nothing by comparison with those from the first tailoring establishments in the city. Terms, *Cash*. All orders gratefully received.

Gentlemen's Vestings, Stock, Collars, &c &c, constantly on hand for sale.

WANTED, as above—A number of small Job Makers; none but the best—to whom the highest price will be given

Lynn, April 12.

UNION FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY, IN LYNN,

GIVE notice that their Capital Stock is FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, which is all paid in and invested according to law and that they continue to make Fire Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk; and Marine Insurance for any amount not exceeding $3500 on any one risk, at their office in Nahant Bank Building.

H. A. BREED, President.

ISAAC STORY, Secretary.
Lynn, April5. tf

HONEY COMB.

1000 LBS WHITE HONEY COMB, of extra quality, in patent boxes, of various sizes, just received from the State of Maine, and for sale at No 1 City Hall. ORRA GOSS.

oct 11 tf

FOR SALE IN OHIO.

A TRACT of 18,000 acres of rich land in the town of Worthington and on the big Walnut creek, twelve miles from Columbus the seat of government Apply to J. A. FOSTER, Land Office, No 7 Congress street, up stairs.

dec 20 tf

ADAMANTINE TEETH.

MR BEMIS, Dentist, (No 32 School street,) is able to exhibit to his Patients specimens of every variety of *mineral or incorruptible* Teeth; to explain the manner of adapting the several kinds to gold or platinum plates, and to the fangs of such teeth as may have become truncated or carious; and likewise to demonstrate the practicability of wearing any number of them, one or an entire set.

He is also able to manufacture a *new* kind of teeth, (the result of many years experimental research) to which he has given the distinctive epithet placed at the head of this notice The natural appearance of these teeth, their beauty, and their strength, must recommend them; but it may be said, and with truth, that the teeth themselves are as durable as adamant and as incorruptible as the precious gems; and therefore, that the *fœtor oris*, or bad breath, (from the teeth in a state of decomposition,) may be overcome entirely by substituting the above *gems or precious teeth*, for those of decaying and corruptible substances.

Among the several kinds, alluded to above, will be found Teeth of all prices from five *to* fifty *dollars each.*

All Dental Operations attended to as usual, and at the *Old Prices for Cash*; but all professional services not settled for *instanter*, will be booked at 130 *per cent*, above *the cash prices*, from and after the 1st of January, 1835—Book accounts take up much valuable time, and are in other respects extremely inconvenient to the subscriber.

dec 27 3m S. A. BEMIS.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!!

50 READY made Ladies' and Misses' Cloaks will be sold low, if applied for soon, at No 280 Washington street, 3d door south from Summer street.

A few cut pieces of French Merino Cloths, of a very fine quality red, pink, blue, and maroon colors.

Also, a variety, of English and French Goods, Hosiery Gloves, &c, by J. NIGHTINGALE. 6t dec 13

REMOVAL.

CALVIN ELLIS, M. D. has removed from No 21 to to 16 Summer street, next to Trinity Church, directly opposite his former stand.

DR ELLIS would take this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that, in connexion with his practice as a *PHYSICIAN*, he continues to perform *OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.* Having had several years experience in that branch of his profession, he hopes to meet the entire satisfaction of any who may need his services as a Dentist. tf aug 15

GLASS DOOR PLATES,

DOOR KNOBS, BELL PULLS AND NUMBERS—

MANUFACTURED and Warranted by the NEW ENGLAND GLASS COMPANY—the most durable and ornamental articles for outside and inside doors.—Specimens of various kinds constantly on hand and may be seen at their Ware House, No 140 Washington street, Boston. 6m nov 1

KIMBALL'S

Wholesale and Retail Linen Drapery and Stock Store.

MOSES KIMBALL, at his old stand, No 12 Washington street, a few doors above Dock Square, offers for sale, at low prices, the greatest assortment of goods in his line of business to be found in the city. His assortment of articles finished for the fall trade, and to which the attention of Country Traders is directed, consists in part of STOCKS, made of white and black hair-cloth; best satin, plaited and plain, and with bows; silk Vesting, do; Suspenders of India rubber, worsted, silk cotton, net and web; Gloves and Hosiery of every description; Handkerchiefs, Shirt Bosoms and Collars, of every quality; fine and common linen and cotton shirts, with plain, frilled and plaited bosoms, with and without collars; deer skin Suits, a capital article; merino, lamb's wool, vicuna, raw silk, flannel, cotton and other under wear; Velvets, Bombazines and Satins, for Stocks; Webbing, Stock and Suspender Buckles; Bristles Binding Skins, etc. nov 1

CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF

OF JAMAICA GINGER.

THIS article contains all the virtues of the best Jamaica Ginger, in a concentrated state, and is far more convenient and preferable for family use than pulverized root. It will retain its strength and purity to any length of time, while the powder soon loses its qualities, besides being generally adulterated with some inert substance. The Essence of Ginger has been long celebrated in Europe for its medicinal qualities, particularly for Stomach and Bowel Complaints, General Debility, Rheumatic Affections and Dyspepsia. It is the best preparation for making Ginger Beer, Syrup, Tea, &c.—A tea spoonful in a glass of sweetened water makes a very agreeable beverage in hot weather; a few drops in a glass of ice water or lemonade will prevent any injurious effects; no one article has been used with better success as a preventive to Cholera.

It is warranted equal in every respect to the English; is put up in bottles, with suitable directions, containing four times the quantity and will be sold for half the price.

CREAM OF SOAP, FOR SHAVING.

This article is superior to the celebrated Naples Soap, in its composition, being made of much finer materials, and having the peculiar properties of that Soap, to a much greater degree. It contains but very little alkali, leaves the skin soft and agreeable, and will be found invaluable to all persons afflicted with hard and strong beards.

The extensive sales made during the last year, and the increasing demand for this Soap, is a proof that it stands high in the estimation of the public. It is put up in neat China Shaving Boxes with covers, and will be sold cheap.

SARSAPARILLA MEAD SYRUP.

This article, when used with Soda Powders, instead of Lemon Syrup, produces the Sarsaparilla Mead, in the highest state of perfection.

The above articles are prepared and sold at the Tremont Laboratory, 173, Tremont street. Sold also by TROTT & CO. 128 State street, Boston. july 18

NEW ENGLAND

STAINED GLASS MANUF'Y.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has fitted up an establishment in Harlem Place, No 347, Washington street, for the purpose of Staining Glass in the Ancient Style, an art supposed to have been lost for many centuries.

This most superior style of Painting, superior both for elegance of coloring and durability, (as nothing can injure the effect produced but what will destroy the glass itself,) has been recently revived in Europe and brought to this country by Mr John L. Race, an Artist of the highest standing in his profession.

The subscriber having been instructed by the above named artist, and he remaining with him as superintendent of the work, enables him to assure the public that whatever orders are entrusted to him will be executed with elegance, punctuality and despatch.

Orders may be left at the Factory, or with the subscriber, at No No 3, Cornhill, sign of the Faithful Servant, where every variety of Sign and Fancy Painting may be obtained at moderate prices, and first rate work.

Specimens may be seen at either of the places above named. WILLIAM REDDING.

Boston, March 27th, 1834.

Having instructed Mr William Redding in the Art of Staining Glass, according to the most approved methods, and the same as used by myself, I declare him fully competent to execute any work entrusted to him.

Boston, March 27th, 1834 JOHN L. RACE.

The above named J. L. R. is the same Artist who has hitherto executed the Stained Glass Work, for the New England Flint Glass Company, at East Cambridge.

april 12

E. E. DYER,

No 93, WASHINGTON STREET.

HAS on hand, and is constantly receiving from the manufacturers. additional supplies of the following articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail at as low prices as goods of the same quality can be purchased in the city.

Toirtoise Shell Combs, viz;—Wrought top India and American Carved Combs, some very rich, from 3 to $16 each; wrought long round combs; India wrought side combs; plain combs from $1 to 6 each; plain quill-back combs; side combs, 1 to 1 1-2 inch teeth; plain round do; plain neck do; dressing and pocket do, superior quality.

Ivory Combs, viz;—Superfine, super-superfine extra-superfine, ne plus ultra, and extra wide do; ivory dressing do; pocket do, double and single.

Imitation Shell Combs, viz;—Carved top do; stamped and pressed do, of various patterns.

Dressing and Pocket Combs. viz;—Horn dressing do English, French, and American oval, swelling case, crescent, and common pocket do.

Fancy Articles—Bead Reticules, purses and necklaces; buckskin and fancy purses; ever pointed silver pencil cases; lead points; lead pencils: silver thimbles; silver spectacles; plated and steel do; corset rings; snuff boxes; fancy boxes; wafers, in boxes; ready made pens, in boxes; German shaving glasses, with drawers.

Pockets Books, &c. viz;—Wallet, double and single, with steel clasp and spring; note cases; memorandum books; pocket books and wallets, with plated clasps, calf, sheep skin, and common gilt pocket books.

Brushes, &c. viz;—Clothes, hair, tooth, comb and shaving brushes. shaving boxes, &c

Beads, viz;—Black and fancy colored cut Beads; black and fancy colored seed do, gilt and steel do.

Perfumery and Fancy Soaps, in all their variety.

Bear's Oil, and Ward's Vegetable Oil, for the growth of the Hair.

Depilatory for removing superfluous Hair.

Vegetable Dye, for changing red or grey Hair to a beautiful brown or black. may 17

THE GIFTED LADY.

MRS MOTT, Female Physician, would inform her patients and the public in general, that she has located herself in Boston, at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets, where she will continue to administer her Systematic Vegetable Medicines, to those who are desirous of cure in all the complaints incident to the human frame.

The Patent Champoo, and Medicated Baths in connexion with the Medicines, will be under her direction for Females, and will be in daily operation—to those who are acquainted with these invaluable Baths, nothing may be said of their praise; to those who are not, one trial will convince of their utility. The Baths will be open at all times, to the patients of Physicians, under their prescriptions.

To be had as above, Josephine Dentifrice, for whitening the teeth; the Tooth Paste, for preserving them, and tightening the gums; Corn Liquid, with directions; Wart Ointment; Lip Salve; Chilblain Liquid and Salve; Tooth Ache Drops; Tic Doloroux Embrocation; Head Ache Drops; Bunion Embrocation; Strengthening Powders and Stomachic Bitters. tf jan 24

LADIES MEDICAL ORACLE

Or, Mrs MOTT'S Advice to Young Females, Wives, and Mothers.

BEING a Non-Medical Commentary on the Cause, Prevention, and Cure of the Diseases of the *Female Frame*; together with an explanation of her system of European Vegetable Medicine for the cure of diseases, and the patent Medicated Champoo Baths; to which is added an explanation of the Gift, and an exposition of the numerous fabricated reports, 'a weak invention of the enemy.'

The Lord hath created Medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them.

ECCLESIASTICUS, xxxiii. 3

Printed and Published for the Authoress, and to be had only of her, at her residence, at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets, Boston. tf jan 25

PATENT

FOR THE UNITED STATES.

MOTT'S Patent Medicated and Champoo Baths, and Systematic Vegetable Medicine. These baths are well known to the Medical Faculty as being patronized by the most eminent Physicians of Europe and Asia, and are considered in the Oriental Empires as the greatest luxury they enjoy, being a preventive as well as a cure of contagious diseases—and they are now introduced in the United States in a new and perfect form, and with the greatest confidence of success. These Baths are medicated according to the disease—they are now open to the public, and will be administered to families or individuals under the direction, or according to the prescription of their physician.

Dr Mott will undertake the cure (or the relief) of all Chronic Diseases, Wounds, (however of long standing) Ulcers, Abscesses, internal or external, Gout, Rheumatism, Tic Doloroux, Cancers, Imposthumes, and other complaints incident to the human frame.

Dr M. will personally superintend the various Baths and attend to the prescriptions of the Medical gentlemen in behalf of their patients.

Without boasting of the cures that have been performed or pretending to any wonderful knowledge, he would merely say, he would be happy to render the Baths, and the system of Medicine itself, useful to the high Medical Talent of Boston, leaving it to an enlightened public to decide.

Those spacious premises have been fitted up with great expense, at the corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets, and other places have been purchased to be fitted up as auxiliary establishments. It may be proper to state, that no mercury or mineral preparations are used—no hot medicines, or cold water—but it is, in fact, a union of the simples of the Materia Medica with the Herbal Medica—therefore called Vegetable.

Teeth and Corns, he will undertake to extract scientifically; Bunions on the joints, compound or cancerous Toe Nails, and other diseases of the Feet, diseases of the Eyes, &c. &c.

Male Patients only, attended to by me. Mrs Mott, the Females and Children. No out door patients can be attended to.

N. B. Agents may purchase Patent Rights for villages, towns, or cities, in any part of the United States, with a guarantee exclusive—together with the Medicines and Book of Directions, by application to Dr MOTT, corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets.

jan 25 tf

RAMAGE PRESS.

A SECOND hand Ramage Printing Press in perfect order, for sale cheap at this Office. jan 24

MISCELLANY.

[From the Baltimore Young Men's Paper.]

THE FAIR LADYE.

BY RICHARD VAGRANT, ESQ.

With some thoughts on the vanity of Life, wherein Mr Vagrant takes occasion to become sentimental.

Oh! heard you the story of the Fair Ladye!
So sad, so soft, so tender was she,
She lived on sighs till she died, ah! me,
Sing dool!

This poor, wretched world—what a world it is!
Too sordid for love, too vulgar for bliss,—
She never was fit for a world like this,
Sing dool!

She had read of maidens fond and fair,
And of gentle youth of pensive air—
She could find none such her griefs to share,
Sing dool!

When the moonlight fell with tranquil charm,
She would musing, lean on her snowy arm—
But 'twas summer then, and the weather was warm
Sing dool!

No lovers had she, for the men were too cold,
No kind bosom-friend, for the girls were too bold,
And she died of pure grief at growing old,
Sing dool!

Oh! hard was the fate of the fair Ladye,
So sad, so soft, so tender was she,
She lived on sighs till she died, ah me!
Sing dool!

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

I MET with a ludicrous instance of the dissipation of even latter days, a few months after my marriage.—Lady B— and myself took a tour through some of the Southern parts of Ireland, and among other places visited Castle Durrow, near which place my brother, Henry French Barrington, had built a hunting cottage, wherein he happened to have given a house-warming the previous day.

The company, as might be expected at such a place and on such an occasion, was not most select:—in fact, they were '*hard going*' sportsmen.

Amongst the rest, Mr Joseph Kelly of unfortunate fate, brother to Mr Kelly, (who by the by does not say a word about him in his Reminiscences,) had been invited, to add to the merriment by his pleasantry and voice, and had come down from Dublin for the purpose.

Of this convivial assemblage at my brother,s he was I suppose, the very life and soul. The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts of the walls having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs of different descriptions,showed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlor to see what cheer.—It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives spoons, &c. all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked.—Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor,among whom a piper lay on his back apparently dead, with a table cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall,

Had I never viewed such a scene before,it wou'd have almost terrified me, but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*,when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out and sent away my carriage and its inmates to Castle Darrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favorable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as a maitre d'hotel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlor, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar, and nutmeg in plenty, a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes:—in addition to which,ale, whiskey, and port made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Ally, his neighbor. they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!*

The twain immediately started, and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was, however, in a very different tone from the *view holl a*, and perpetuated much longer.

'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!' 'Oh, Murder!' says Joe,—'I can't!'—'Murder!—murder!' echoed Peter.—French pulled them again upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places, —I have in my life time laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to a greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall,as I said before,had only that day received a coat of mortar,and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was,nevertheless, setting, from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests,the mortar had completely set, and their being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not. One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavored to prolong as much as I could; and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain. I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons: this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous. he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side,a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives,which being brought,he whetted one against the other; and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp,which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*;* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballinakill, a very celebrated wig-maker dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr Kelley out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process. namely clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost,and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was,indeed,of a mongrel description,—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honored any order given by a guest to the family shopkeeper or artisan.—*Personal sketches by Sir Jonah Barrington.*

*A coarse dirty apron, worn by men in a kitchen,in the country parts.

PART OF A CHAPTER ON CHOWDERS—and it would be a whole one if we were not obliged to rein our Pegasus, when we fairly startled upon so *poetical* a theme; for there is something so *savory* in this subject—something so fruitful of fancy—so full of olden associations, and so rich in the reminiscences of bygone days, that unless we kept an eye upon the circumscription of our own space, we should write columns where we have only room for paragraphs, and ten to one, that we had a book upon our hands instead of what we must make this,—a newspaper article of somewhere about —— sticksfull. We are, after all, obliged to leave the exact number blank, as Heaven only knows into how limited a space we shall be able to condense the exuberance of a vivid imagination! People may talk—Gastronomes may utter what nonsense they please, but we appeal to every New-England man from the British boundary to Cape Cod, including the classic shores of Squaumkdeag and Tuckahoe, and even extending beyond these limits into Woods' Hole and Clam Pond, whether there is any thing *quite* equal to your true Chowder.—We invoke the departed shade of Moll Pitcher in this behalf. Was there ever any thing equal to this magnificent dish? Fried smelts are not by any means to be sneezed at —[unless Weathersfield has been too busy in the preparation.] The broiled Eel of Groton and Niantic are peerless in their way; and the bloated Blackfish caught off Cormorant Rock, are of unquestionable merit—so indeed are the *Quohogs* of Black point bay; and as to the Alewives of Four Mile River and Giant's neck, they are superb—but they all of them 'kick the beam,' when weighed against that most delicious and most orthodox of new England dishes, the "Nantucket Chowder.' Chowder, indeed, is a combination of excellencies—a sort of Parliamentary representation of the variegated interest of the eating community—a concentration of good things, like the 'Multum in parvo' of a country newspaper. It is the Kaleidescope of the cook's pot; where the one hundred thousand brilliances of edible excellencies float before the palate of the epicure, like the eternal mutations of that pretty little instrument. before the visual organ of children. The *Olla Porida* of the Spaniards ought not to be mentioned in competition with it. Sancho panza, had ever tasted a No-Man's land Chowder, the good things at the wedding of Comach the rich, would never have travelled into history with so much praise. In short, there is in the dish which we have made up our mind to immortalize in this undying article, (destined of course to live just one day,) a richness of relish, and a fragrance of illustrious genius which ought to raise its inventor to his loftiest summit of renown! It has been our intention to bring the glorious old Massachusetts dainty before a 'discerning public,' but with all enthusiasm, it is quite doubtful whether we should have remembered it, but for an accidental glanced yesterday morning, into our advertising columns— where we perceived that *Jay*, of the Clinton Lunch, at the corner of Broadway and Liberty street—(joyful be his memory for the next thousand years,) had actually given notice, that he will furnish forth the magnificent and time honored Chowder, some two or three days every week.—Jay has a magazine of temptations in that capital establishment of his, and always has had; but we venture to say that no true bred Yankee will ever be able to resist this one; If we were not apprehensive that he and the public wou'd suspect that we were writing a puff instead of a very serious and grave article upon the abstract excellence of a patriarchal New England delicacy, we might go on with the eulogium. But to save Jay's sensibility as well as our own, it were as well perhaps to stop here.—*N. Y, Cour. & Enq.*

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN THE AZORES. There is a custom amongst the inhabitants, apparently quite peculiar to these islands. In every parish they annually, at the festival of the Holy Ghost, elect a chief, whom they style Emperor, or rather a certain number, named by the rest, draw lots for this honor at the church, when the fortunate individual is crowned by the priests with a silver coronet, wherewith he receives a sceptre, both being previously consecrated. The ceremony and appropriate service ended,the *Imperador* retires, surrounded by crowds of his *confreres*, who strew his path with flowers, receiving in return a general blessing by the waving of his consecrated sceptre He then proceeds to a small open stone building, erected for the purpose in every parish called 'O teatro do Imperador;' there he sits in state, encircled by his friends, with a table before him, on which he receives the donations of the pious, consisting of bread, wine, poultry, and meat, which are carefully distributed in the evening to the poor. The Imperador afterwards retires with his friends to his own cottage, which has been previously cleansed, white-washed, and ornamented with garlands, where they indulge in feasting, rustic games, singing to the viola, and dancing until a late hour. This ceremony continues during seven weeks,every Sunday and nothing can exceed the emulation that is shown by the lower orders who are competitors on these occasions; they not unfrequently pawn or sell their whole little property to sustain the hospitality they wish to practice during the term of their reign, when they keep open house for the friends of their circle. At the expiration of the seven weeks the crown and sceptre are deposited in the parish church, on a silver salver, until the ensuing celebration of the festival.—*Captain Bird's Azores.*

FEMALE GRUMBLER. There were more circulating libraries in the town than one, but the principal was that which had a news-room connected with it, and was kept by one of the congregation to which I had the honour of preaching. The keeper of the library was a widow, whose chief characteristic was the severity with which she regarded the failings and faults of mankind, mingled with a very lively feeling of the evils or inconveniences to which she herself was subject. Whether she practised grumbling because she was naturally and constitutionally eloquent, or whether she became eloquent from the practice of grumbling, I could not tell. For my part, I never dared pass a day without calling to see her; for if I did, I should have to undergo a most dismal expostulation from her. There was such a mournfulness in her style; it was not a good downright sturdy sort of grumble, it was all sorrowfulness, and almost, nay, sometimes quite, crying. She used to say that she felt herself a burden to every one; and when any one came to see her, she used to express herself so deeply obliged by the very kind attention, though at the same time any omission of such a civility would provoke a serious fit of lamentation. She converted, or rather perverted every thing into the means of mournfulness. She had the knack of making things joyful the means of sadness.—Her thankfulness was lamentable; she had a kind of piety, peculiar I think to herself. for every painful or unpleasant circumstance in life she regarded as a punishment for her sins, and every thing that was pleasant, precarious, or again [illegible], set her upon grieving at the thought that it was more than she deserved. In dry weather she thought the earth would be parched up and that all vegetation would perish, and in wet weather, if she could not see a rainbow, she thought that another deluge was coming to sweep away the inhabitants of the earth. She saw in the world nothing but sin and sorrow. She used to say that ministers of the gospel shou'd never laugh, and that they wore black to imitate that they were in mourning for the sins of the world,—*Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.*

SERMON AGAINST TOP-KNOTS. Many years ago, when ladies wore a high ornament to their heads, called a *top knot*, a clergyman took occasion to preach a sermon on the sinfulness of extravagence in female dress, and delivered his text as follows In the 24th chapter of St Matthew, 17th verse, are these words—'*Top-knot come down!*' He proceeded in a pious manner to prove that this was an interdiction of God against high head dresses, or top knots. A clergyman, whom curiosity induced to be present, was completely puzzled by this text; and when he returned home, instantly examined the chapter and verse from which it was taken, when he found it thus written; 'Let him which is on the house *top not come down*—to take any thing out of his house.' What an admirable expounder of the gospel;—*Satirist.*

THE RULING PASSION. This was beautifully exemplified on the evening of the destruction of the Parliament house. 'What a dreadful fire!' said a gentleman to a manager. 'Dreadful! It is indeed, *it has played the devil with my* HALF PRICE.—*Eng. paper.*

BOOTS AND SHOES,

FOR CASH,

AT VERY LOW PRICES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY

THOMAS C. WALES,

No 195 Washington Street.

sept 27 tf

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has now on hand a large assortment of Marble Chimney Pieces, of every variety of pattern, and of different kinds of marble, which he is determined to sell on the most reasonable terms. Having been the first to introduce this branch of Manufacture into the city of Boston, and having been constantly engaged in it, for twenty-five years, he flatters himself that he will be able to use his customers as well at least, as those who have been acquainted with it, a 1-4 or an 1-8 of that period of time, or no time at all. He has in his employ able and experienced workmen, who understand setting Chimney Pieces as they should be set, a matter of much importance. He will also furnish Free-stone work for buildings of every description. He has also on hand Monuments for Cemeteries and Grave Stones of every kind, with a great variety of drawings and plans of the same, original and selected, at his shop in Front street, near Essex street. A CARY.

jan 24

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A NEW two story House, pleasantly situated on 3d street, South Boston, containing five rooms, with good out buildings,&c.—for terms apply to S. R. ALLEN 110 Milk street. 6t jan 16

LAND ON WASHINGTON ST

FOR SALE.

A LOT of Land pleasantly situated on Washington street a little south of Northampton street; contains 24,960 feet all of which is suitable for house lots—will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply to S. R. ALLEN, 110 Milk street. 6t jan 17

ACCORDIONS.

AMERICAN manufactured Accordions with *extra Keys* for sale by JOSEPH L. BATES, 6 Court street near Washington street.

☞ Accordions tuned and repaired.☜

jan 17

LADIES' CLOAKS.

THE subscriber has just opened 2 cases French Cloaks, of new fabrics and designs—which will be sold at exact cost of importation. E. K. WHITAKER.

NOTICE.

BRAMAN'S BATHS, near the Mill Dam,will be open in future only on Saturday and Sundays.

TREMONT BATHS, at Tremont House, open every day except Sunday afternoon, for ladies and gentlemen A female constantly in attendance. dec 20

TO CONTRACTORS AND

BUILDERS in the City & Country. The Patent Flooring Establishment and Steam Saw Mill having been erected. and the Planing Mill now in operation on Front street above South Boston Old Bridge, the Proprietor offers for sale, Southern yellow pine Flooring Boards, reduced to an equal thickness and width,tongued and grooved, or square edges; Stepping Boards or wide stuff for stairs, planed to thickness, 10 a 18 inches wide 1 1 4 r 3 inches thick; Oil Cask Heading, ready planed—all of seasoned stuff; 300 tons Southern yellow pine Timber, from 15 to 50 feet long, 12 to 19 inches square.

White Pine Flooring can also be furnished, dressed, grooved, or square edged, of such width. thickness and lengths. as may be required, and convenient to transport in the country.

Under Flooring planed to thickness. width to 2½inches

The Saw Mill being in operation, timber may be taken from the dock and sawed as may be required, at short notice.

The Proprietors of this establishment offer to contract to furnish any quantity of dressed Flooring Boards

Orders left at establishment will be punctually attended to.

In this establishment is Woodworth's Patent Planing Machine, which is capable of planing 18 feet of boards per minute, and with great precision; also D. N. Smith's patent revolving Timber Plane; this machine is capable of hewing from oak or any other timber that is 18 inches square, 1 1 4 inches thick and leave the surface perfectly smooth. There are many of the above machines now in operation in different parts of the United States,—no need no further recommendation than to see them operate at the above establishment. where the public are invited to call. They can be used by hand. water or steam power.

The Machines, and the right to use them, are for sale for such places as are not sold; those who are desirous of purchasing,can receive further information by applying to RICHARD UKANN.

nov 29 3m at the Establishment.

CARSTAIRS'

IMPROVED

SYSTEM OF WRITING,

TAUGHT

BY B. F. FOSTER,

Author of "Prize Essay on the best method of Teaching Writing," "Practical Penmanship," &c

The System of Carstairs,—AS SIMPLIFIED AND TAUGHT BY MR. FOSTER—*differs essentially from all others extant. The process of instruction is novel, ingenious and effective, converting, in an incredibly short period, the most confirmed and irregular scrawl into a style of writing at once bold, free and elegant.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Who wish to correct a bad hand-writing can receive lessons either at the establishment, 116, Washington Street, or at their own residences.

HOURS OF INSTRUCTION from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

EVENING CLASSES, for gentlemen, from 7 to 9 P. M.

LADIES' CLASSES, at the rooms, from 12 to 1 P. M.

nov 13 3m

NORTHERN HONEY.

1000 LBS NORTHERN HONEY, suitable for family use—for sale by JONATHAN P. HALL Jr.

oct 4 4m No 1, Union street

MORISONS PILLS OR HYGEIAN MEDICINE

IMPROVED.

THE *HYGEIAN MEDICINES* owe their origin to Mr Morrison, of London, who supposes all diseases to be caused by an impure state of the blood, and these Medicines by purifying that important fluid in the human system, cure all diseases. They are composed entirely of vegetables and warranted under oath not to contain one particle of mercurial or mineral preparation. They are harmless and pleasant in their operation and can be taken by persons of every age and in almost any situation. They have been before the public about ten years and have become so generally known that little need be said of their virtues and success as a *cure all* for every complaint. The General Agent has stated under oath that upwards of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars worth are annually sold in the United States; yet notwithstanding this, the Proprietors see fit to charge an enormous price for their Pills, which has induced the subscriber to make an accurate analysis of them, so as to enable him to prepare the same article, and to furnish the public through the regular dealers in medicines, at half the price charged for those prepared by the British College of Health. He has made an improvement in No 1 Pills, and added a paper of bitters to each package, and styles them the "Improved Hygeian Medicines," that they are composed of the same materials as the English can be proved by one of the best Chemists in the city of Boston, who has analyzed both and what is of the most importance, hundreds who have taken both Morrison's and the improved Hygeian Pills, can testify that there is no difference in their medicinal effects.

Prepared only at the Tremont Laboratory 176 Tremont street, Boston, by J K. PALMER

N. B. The genuine will be signed by the General Agent William H Jones—to whom all orders must be directed. Sold by Delano & Whitney; Trott & Co; Farnum Pum—; J. P. Whitwell and Wm Brown, Boston nov 15

WINDOW GLASS.

1500 BOXES of Baltimore Waterford and German Window Glass, of all sizes from 6 8 —. Also, Painters Oil and Color, constantly for sale at HENDERSON'S Window Glass and Paint Store, No 75 Union Street 6m sept 20

VEGETABLE

COUGH LOZENGES.

A PLEASANT, safe and efficacious remedy for Colds, Obstinate Coughs, Asthma, Croup, and all Pulmonary Affections, containing all the virtues of the different Cough Medicines in a more concentrated form, more pleasant than pills,more convenient and less liable to accident than in a liquid form, and by being slowly dissolved in the mouth will better allay the irritation of the throat which is the immediate cause of Cough This medicine is composed of vegetables, is perfectly safe and is recommended for children particularly in Croup. Prepared and sold at the Tremont Laboratory, by J. K. PALMER—Sold also by Trott & Co, Delano & Whitney, W— Brown, John S. Brown J P. Whitwell, E. S. Holden, T Restieaux and E L. Eliot. tf nov 29

CHILBLAINS.

ALBERT'S SPECIFIC.

LONG known and highly celebrated for the cure of that troublesome complaint Chilblains.it can be used by adults and children without the least trouble or inconvenience.

It operatives in a preventive and in slight cases cures are often effected in twenty four hours and severe cases in 2 to 4 days. Price 25 cts.

For sale at Brewer & Broths. J. M. Smith Wm Brown, Washington street; Ebenezer Wight Milk street; J— Preston Federal street; John J Kidder T Restieaux, Chas French Hanover street; S. W. Fowle Prince street, Chas Holbrook Leverett street; J. L. Moffat Cambridge street, Boston. 3m dec 6

DRAWING.

MR CASAS will commence with a new Class of Young Ladies, as soon as two more have applied. Lessons. two in each week.

SPANISH LANGUAGE.

MR CASAS is also forming a new Spanish Class, for Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to accommodate pupils from different schools.

dec 13 Joy's Building, Room 24.

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality,Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Canisters and Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Ann streets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spices for sale or ground at short notice.

Also, Coffee burnt and ground for retailing.

nov 1 ly

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

SYSTEM OF PAINTING,

TAUGHT BY

MESSRS WYATT & ACKERMAN.

At No 28 Washington street, and introduced by them into the United States.

MEZZOTINTO.

THIS beautiful and universally admired style of Landscape Painting, an imitation of the most exquisite engravings, is entirely adopted in preference or connection with the old system, through almost the whole of Europe, and admitted and adopted by Artists in this country as the most beautiful and more easily attained. A pupil receiving a course of lessons in Mezzotinto Painting, whereby they are taught every description of light and shade, after that two quarters sketching by a qualified master will gain more information than three years constant drudge at the old and tedious way. The is the plan pursued in Europe which prevents the pupil from feeling the disgust that so often arises from the long attention given in the old mode of teaching Landscape Painting.

CHINESE PAINTING.

This System comprehends the Painting of Flowers, Fruit Birds, &c. It embraces the true principles of light and shade, with the mixture of colors, and every thing necessary to render the pupil a person of taste and discernment in the fine arts, entirely independent of further instruction.

This style of Painting is now taught by Messrs W. & A. in all its original purity, without any innovations and precisely as it was first taught by their Preceptor. the celebrated Salkelds, who introduced it into Europe from China, from which has emanated the many different Theorem daubings which have served only to disgust the learner and disgrace the beautiful original style.

TO BOTANISTS—They solicit an inspection of their Wax Flowers,which are perfect illustrations of Botany, and might without difficulty be lectured from Also their Wax Fruit, Shell Work, &c. &c. at their Exhibition Room. 28 Washington street, near Cornhill. Open from 9 till 5 nov 22

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

IN HARVARD PLACE.

THE subscriber gives notice, that he has associated with himself in his school, Mr AMOS BAKER, long and favorable known as an Instructer in Charlestown and Cambridgeport. In addition to those branches usually taught in his School, particular attention will be paid by Mr Baker to a class in Book-Keeping,who will be accommodated with a separate and convenient room. An accomplished Writing Master is constantly employed. Terms $10 per quarter,including stationary, for those who attend to Book-Keeping during the quarter $15. A continuance of a patronage, long enjoyed is respectfully solicited

Mr Baker has also commenced an Evening School in the same place. (over Harvard Hall) where the same course of instruction will be taught as in the day school.

nov 29 3m ABEL WHITNEY.

OLD JAVA COFFEE,

ROASTED, ground, and put up in neat canisters, ready for use. Also, Pulverized Loaf Sugar, a beautiful article for bar or family use. For sale by J. W. CARTER, Bromfield street. tf june 28

FRENCH FUR SHOES.

JUST received a small lot of FRENCH FUR LINED WALKING SHOES—a beautiful article for the coming season for sale by THOMAS C. WALES No 195 Washington street. dec 6

SUPERFINE

READY MADE CLOTHING.

WHICH has been at No 8 Court street a short time, is now for sale at No 5, Congress Square. making the assortment of *READY MADE CLOTHING* on hand quite extensive and will be sold *VERY CHEAP* WM R. KELLEY.

dec 6

FRENCH HAIR WORK.

E. S. DYER has just received a large and fresh supply of Parisian *HAIR WORK*, consisting of Ladies' and Gentleman's Wigs and Top Pieces, of superior quality; Curled Hair, Tufts, and Frizetts; Long Hair, Band and Braids. and materials used in the manufacture of said work. which he offers at fair prices for cash or approved credit. tf sept 1—

RICH DRESS STOCKS.

FASHIONABLE styles of bow and plain platted: bow, plain and handkerchief Satin and Mohair *STOCKS*, made in the best manner, for sale by the doz en or single at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street.

aug 30

CLOTHING.

200 DRESS COATS.

200 pairs PANTS.

1000 VESTS;

170 SURTOUTS and OVERCOATS,

60 JACKETS.

For sale by ISAAC OSGOOD. 31 Dock Square.

☞ Where is for sale a prime assortment of first rate *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES* and *VESTINGS*. Garments made to order, in best style. tf sept 20

WINTER AND SUMMER OIL

FOR FAMILY USE.

EDMUND T. HASTINGS, 37 Commercial street will keep constantly for sale. WINTER and SUMMER OIL, of 1st quality for family use.

Also, Oil Cannisters of various sizes. mar 22

FARE REDUCED

TO ONE DOLLAR!

TO PROVIDENCE! UNRIVALLED EXPEDITION!

By Rail Road Cars and United States Mail Coaches

THE TREMONT LINE. in conjunction with the Rail Road is now prepared to convey to and from Providence, all passengers who may wish to avail themselves of this safe, elegant and expeditious conveyance.

The superiority of this route over all others will appear obvious on a moment's reflection. The fact that passengers who leave Boston at 7 A. M. arrive in Providence as soon as those who leave two hours earlier—at 5 and stop to breakfast on the road—seems necessary only to be known, to induce all passengers to secure seats in the Rail Road Line.

Cars leave depot, foot of the Common, every day at 7 A. M. to meet the boats. On Sunday, at 9 Also, at 11 A. M. to Canton, thence by coaches via Foxboro the shortest and most level route, to Providence.

Returning,leave Providence on the arrival of the boats and arrive in 4 hours.

U. S. Mail Coach leaves as usual at 5 A. M. For seats, be particular and apply at City Tavern, Brattle street, and Washington Coffee House, 156 Washington street.

nov 22 tf C. B WILDER, Agent.

THOMAS RESTIEAUX,

131 HANOVER STREET

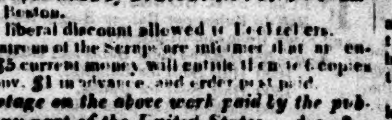
SETH FOWLE, 33 PRINCE STREET

JOSEPH M SMITH, 158 WASHINGTON ST.

JAMES FOWLE, 25 GREEN STREET

HAVE supplied themselves with *FOREIGN LEECHES*, and intend hereafter to keep them constantly on hand, and apply them at any part of the city, without additional expense for applying.

dec 20 3m



NO 6 FOR 1835.

AN Annual,containing upwards of 40 original sketches—just published by D. C. JOHNSTON,No 4 Summer street, Boston.

N. B. A liberal discount allowed to Booksellers. Distant patrons of the Scraps are informed that an enclosure of $5 current money will entitle them to 6 copies Single copy. $1 in advance, and order post paid.

☞ *Postage on the above work paid by the publisher to any part of the United States.* dec 13

BLONDE GOODS.

ONE case just received, containing Demi Veils,Scarfs and Hdkfs.

Also—One case Wadded Robe, new pattern and extra size. For sale very low by E. K. WHITAKER.

dec 20.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his Stock and stand to Mr T. O. BRISCALL takes great pleasure in recommending him to the patronage of his former friends and customers, CHAS I. HORSMAN.

nov 8

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water. Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons; Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes; Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions; Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth

Samples can be examined as above.

☞ Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

august 9 tf

LIFE PRESERVERS.

THE *REAL WASH LEATHER UNDER SHIRTS* and *DRAWERS*, very valuable and highly recommended articles for debilitated persons and others liable to be affected by sudden changes of air,east winds, &c. For sale at KIMBALL'S, 12 Washington street, nov 29

THE GIFTED LADY.

NOTICE.—MRS MOTT AT HOME!!—The reports of Mrs Mott, the Female Physician having left Boston for the South, require contradiction. She begs to acquaint her friends, patients and the public she continues to see invalids even in the last stages of the disease as usual,at her residence corner of Lynde and Cambridge streets, from 10 in the morning until evening. jan 3

NEW APOTHECARY'S SHOP

BY E. SMITH, No 54 High street, Boston. The above establishment is new—being the only one in Boston if not in the whole country—where there is not an article of poison kept, either *mineral or vegetable*, under the name of medecine. The proprietor has tried the experiment of administering vegetable medicines only, for about seventeen years, and has succeeded beyond what was at first contemplated.

The present patronage encourages the proprietor to continue preparing and vending such simple and compound medicines, as are the most certain to relieve the sick and lame

In connexion with the above establishment is a large and convenient "HOSPITAL AND BOARDING HOUSE," where the sick and lame may resort to obtain relief, on reasonable terms, where are skilful physicians and attentive and experienced nurses.

The following are among the many compounds, kept constantly for sale:—*Vegetable Powders—Hygeian Compound*—for colds; costiveness &c. *American Hygeian Pills*—for head ache, pain in the stomach and bowels strangury and piles. *Peach Cordial*—useful to regulate and increase the appetite, help digestion &c. *Health Restorative*—for obstructions in the liver and kidneys, dyspepsia, strangury and female complaints in general *Vegetable Improved Elixir*—excellent for removing pain in the stomach and bowels, and rheumatic complaints.—*Bitters*—to help digestion and regulate the stomach and bowels. *Lobelia Liniment*—a certain cure for humors, corns, rheumatic complaints, chilblains, chapped hands, weakness and pain in the back, cuts and burns *Olive Ointment*—very useful for salt rheum, leprosy &c. *Salve*—for sores. *Tooth Wash*—for cleansing the mouth and teeth, and for canker in the mouth. *Tooth Powders*,—to remove scurvey. *Cephalic Snuff*—to remove cold and pain in the head, and pain in the eyes. *Cough Powder*—excellent for cold in the throat and whooping cough. *Cough Drops*—for difficulty in the throat coughs and colds. *Nerve Drops*—for calming the system, causing easy and refreshing sleep. *Eye Water*—for sore or inflamed eyelids &c. *Syrup*—suitable for children troubled with worms. *Cordial*—useful in consumptive cases. *Lip Salve*—very useful *Cathartic Drops*—for costiveness, a certain cure.

The following are some of the simples for sale: Pennyroyal; Catmint; Motherwort; Tansy; Mint; Balm; Comphrey; Liverwort, beth root; Tupelo; Sassafras; Dock root; Slippery Elm course, fine and superfine;—Sumac Berries and leaves; Thoroughwort; Raspberry leaves; American Cayne; African Cayenne; West India Cayenne. in pods and fine, by the bottle or pound Bitter Root; Golden Seal; Mullen Seed; Skunk Cabbage; Saffron; Wild Solomon Seal; Yellow Dock root; Sage; Arrow root; Extract of Butternut, Clover, Dandelion, Plantain, &c—Syringes, large and small.

Also—the American Physician, and Sick Man's Guide to Health,' by Elia Smith—Price $1.

A great variety of medicines prepared by the Shakers. Graves's hard and soft Soap, of a superior quality.

☞ The above medicines prepared by E. SMITH, at No 34 High street. are kept constantly for sale by Daniel Lillie 18 Tileston st.—Elbridge Cox West Cambridge—Moses Ross, Haverhill, Mass—Eben Nourse Salem Mass—Samuel Simmons, Fall River, Mass—Mr Bowditch Kennebunk, Me—Wm Savils Gardner, Me—Dr Henry Frost, Conville, Me—Dexter Vinal Scituate, Mass—F. Morse, Holliston, Mass—Henry Merrill, Salisbury Mills Mass.

Medicines suitable for Seamen put up at short notice.

A liberal discount to such as buy to sell again.

Orders attended to in a punctual and faithful manner. Boston, jan 3. 1835 3m

NOT SELLING OFF AT COST

A KA WADLEIGH, No 112 Hanover street, wishing to reduce his stock of DRY GOODS, will sell at as low prices as those who PROFESS to sell at cost. He feels confident in asserting that many of his goods can be afforded at less prices than can be found at any other store, from the fact of his having purchased at a large discount the stock of an Assignee.

A W. not wishing to delude customers by advertising prices for his goods, (and not intending to hold to them) would request purchasers to call and examine his goods and real prices for themselves dec 27

SATIN BEAVER HAT

THOMAS O. BRISCALL, the Original Manufacturer of *SATIN BEAVER HATS* in the New England States, would inform his friends, customers and the public in general, that he has taken the Store lately occupied by Mr Charles I. Horsman, No 8 State street, where will be found a great assortment of HATS, and on as reasonable terms as can be had at any establishment in the city.

T. O. B. continues to manufacture the above article at his Factory, No 2 Congress Square where the public and the customers of the late firm of Briscall & Jack can be accommodated promptly, and on the same terms as heretofore. tf oct 25

PROVISIONS, SOAP AND

CANDLES.

300 BBLS Mess Beef, new; 100 do, Navy Mess do do; 500 do No 1, do do; 300 do Prime do, do; 200 half brls Mess. P. Mess, and No 1 do, do.

50 brls Mess Beef, old,

100 do Clear Pork, Boston,

100 do do do, Western,

200 do Prime do New York,

100 do do do, Ohio; 200 kegs Lard,

10 hhds, Hams; 5 do Shoulders Bacon,

500 boxes Mould Candles.

500 do No 1 and extra No 1 Soap,

100 half boxes do do do do,

For sale at the lowest market prices, by CHARLES VALENTINE, No 12 Long wharf.

nov 8 2m

RICH MANTEL GRATES.

A SUPERIOR article can be obtained at the Manufactory, No 9 Congress square, (up stairs) Gentlemen about furnishing their Parlors or Chambers with grates, will do well before purchasing to call and examine the Grates manufactured at this establishment.

☞ Grates made to order at short notice

Gentleman that are building, can be furnished with Grates of every variety, warranted inferior to none manufactured in the city. BENJAMIN BLAKEY.

oct 4 3m

PORTRAIT & MINIATURE

PAINTING.

MR R. ROWLEY respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed his Gallery of Paintings from 201 Washington street, to Pearl Place, No 11, where he invites the lovers of the art of Painting to call and examine the productions of his pencil.

Mr R. has arranged his rooms so as to receive visiters at all hours of the day without interrupting his sitters and those who do him the honor to call will not (as formerly) be turned away with the excuse of "I am engaged,please to call again."

Mr R. takes this opportunity of rendering to his patrons his sincere thanks for their ample patronage and he pledges himself, to endeavor to merit a continuance of the same by paying strict attention to the wishes of those who may hereafter sit for their Miniatures or Portraits

may 24

NATHANIEL DEARBORN,

ENGRAVER in General, No 1— Washington street. Orders respectfully solicited. A fine lot of Enamelled or polished surface Cards just received, for visiting, &c. Copperplate Printing particularly attended to—Cards engraved in the best manner. tf june 21

JOB PRINTING,

OF ALL DESCRIPTION NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

PARTRIDGE'S

ORIGINAL LEATHER PRESERVATIVE,

OR

OIL BLACKING,

A Patent Composition, for cleansing, nourishing, preserving and renewing the color of the Leather;

Rendering it soft,pliable and elastic, and when completely filled impenetrable by the wet—or water proof.

THIS Composition is not only the best, but the most convenient and cheapest article ever known for cleaning and preserving Chaise and Carriage Tops, Thorough Braces and Harness. It renovates and nourishes the Leather, renders it soft and elastic; renews the color and strength, and prevents it from drying and cracking

For Boots and Shoes it is invaluable. When allowed to dry, it closes the pores of the Leather, and renders them impenetrable by the wet, and keeps them soft and comfortable to the feet.

For Factory Bands, it is peculiarly beneficial, giving them an adhesiveness and elasticity that no other substance will give.

It is also applicable to Engine Hose, Forge Bellows, Travelling Trunks, and to all leather exposed to the action of heat, cold or wet; and entirely supersedes the use of oil.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Having made use of this Composition for the purposes above named, and finding it superior to any other article we have ever used, in its being not only more economical but more beneficial in its effects upon leather, we recommend it to the public as a highly useful and important discovery.

Boston—Galen Holmes; E. G. House.
New York—Edgar W. Davis.
Dunstable—Eli Adams.
Leicester—Samuel Watson.
Roxbury—Caleb Cushing.
Cambridge Port—John Cook.
} Who use the article on Boots, Shoes, Harnesses, Carriage Tops, &c

Medway—Carlton & Balch. } Who use the article in their Shoe manufactory.

Westborough—S. Mellen—having experienced its beneficial effects on Forge Bellows.

Niles & Whiting and W. J. Niles, who use the article on Carriage and Chaise Tops, and Harnesses, at their extensive Livery Establishments, Boston.

For a further recommendation of Partridge's Leather Preservative, the proprietor refers to every person who makes use of it. By many it is said that 'Leather will last nearly twice as long by using this composition, as it will without.'

Neatly put up in Tin Canisters with printed directions for its use; and packed in boxes of one dozen each. Also in canisters of one gallon and half gallon each.

Sold Wholesale and Retail by the Manufacturer's General Agent. JOHN H. ROGERS. No 50 Court street, Boston. Also by the principal Booksellers, Hardware Dealers, Shoe and Leather Dealers, and generally at the Country Stores. nov 15

STOVE AND GRATE

MANUFACTORY.

JOHN PETERS, No 60, Cornhill, has constantly for sale, a good assortment of *COAL STOVES* and *GRATES*, which will be sold cheap for cash

ALSO—Fenders, Coal Hods, Pokers, and Sifters.

nov 15 2m

TYPE AND STEREOTYPE

FOUNDRY.

THE Lancaster Type and Stereotype Foundry is REMOVED to No 3, Water street, where the subscribers are prepared to execute all kinds of *STEREOTYPING* with neatness and despatch.

They have on hand all kinds of Book *TYPE*, which has been used for stereotyping, which will be sold at a liberal discount. Also, *NEW TYPE* will be furnished to Printers at the usual prices.

Old Type taken in exchange for new or second hand at 9 cents per lb. SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.

nov 15 tf

TO THE LADIES.

COMBS of every variety REPAIRED in the neatest manner and at the *lowest prices*, at the NEW COMB MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING ESTABLISHMENT.

☞ *Sign of the Original Golden Comb* ☜

No 2 Milk street, in the same building with Smith's Fancy Pocket Book Manufactory.

Where may be found an extensive variety of COMBS of the *latest* and most *improved patterns*.

Also, a fine assortment of

FANCY GOODS AND PERFUMERY.

COMBS made to order or altered at the *shortest notice*.

nov 22 3m A. S. JORDAN.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW

YEAR'S PRESENTS.

MUSICAL WORK BOXES, Work Boxes, furnished and unfurnished—Toilette and Dressing Cases: Music Boxes: a great variety of elegant French Fancy Boxes: Tea Cadys: Card Baskets Card Cases: silver and ivory Emerys: Toilette Cushions: Scent Cushions: Pin Cushions: Porcelain Smelling Bottles silver and shell Combs: rich Jewelry: rich Plated Articles: elegant Bead Bags and Purses: ladies Pocket Books and Needle Books: Silk Reels: fine French Baskets: Miniature Tea Setts: Bronze Ink Stands: Thermometers,&c: Fire Screens; Bulb Vases; English Cutlery: GAMES. Chess Men and Boards; Battledoors and Birds; Loto; Dissected Maps and Prints; Revolving Alphabets and Figures; Dominoes; Chinese Puzzles; Games of Futurity, &c, &c.

The above articles will be sold at very low prices by PENDLETON 208 Washington street. dec 27

A SPLENDID ARTICLE

FOR LADIES.

THOMAS O. BRISCALL, at No 8 State street, north side City Hall, the original Manufacturer of Satin Beaver HATS, has just manufactured a splendid assortment of Satin Beaver BONNETS, adapted to the present season; he being the Manufacturer of the article can recommend them for quality and durability. which are not excelled by any thing of the kind in the market. They will be sold cheap for Cash. The Ladies are requested to call and examine this splendid article dec 13

AMORY HALL ACADEMY.

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND WEST STS.

CLASSES in French and Latin, on Monday and Thursday Evenings, and Saturday A. M. and P. M.

Classes in Book Keeping, by Single and Double Entry, from 12 till 1, every day, and Monday and Thursday Evenings, from 7 till 9.

PENMANSHIP, of every description taught by the Quarter or number of Lessons.

Classes for Boys in any of the above Branches, from 12 till 2, P. M.

References—Hon Theodore Lyman, Jr; Hon H. G. Otis; Charles G. Loring, Esq; Rev J J Janeway, D. D Philadelphia; Henry Nixon, Esq. Pres. Bk North Am Philad; J. Barrington, Esq. Sec. Sav. Bk. Philad; Rt Rev Bishop Brownell, and Hon Thomas Day, Sec of the State of Connecticut.

Mons J A. FRONTIN, French Teacher, respectfully informs his former pupils and friends that he has introduced a method essentially adapted to the wants of the learner, and, he believes, peculiarly calculated to save trouble and expense.

References—John Lowell, Esq; Professor Ticknor; Joseph Abbot; E. A Andrews and Rev James Walker. C. E. H. RICHARDSON, Principal.

jan 3 4m

DUTCH BOLTING CLOTHS

FAIRBANKS, LORING & CO, corner of Kilby and Milk streets, have received a very large supply of Dutch Bolting Cloths of the Anchor stamp,of different widths and numbers, which they offer for sale on very advantageous terms. tf sept 20

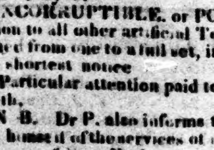
GENUINE

PEACH ORCHARD COAL.

SOLOMON PIPER, No 30 Sea street, is now receiving direct from the North American Coal Company his supply of this very superior Coal, which he is ready to deliver his customers and others on the most favorable terms. To those who have tried this article no further recommendation is necessary. To others, it may not be improper to state it has given universal satisfaction, and is believed to be the best Anthracite in use.

Also—for sale as above superior Newcastle Coal.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.



DR B. T. PRESCOTT respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to attend to all branches of DENTAL SURGERY, at his place, corner of Hanover and Portland streets, Boston—viz—Carious Teeth cleansed, filed and rendered equally useful as before decayed.

INCORRUPTIBLE, or PORCELAIN TEETH in addition to all other artificial Teeth now in use. will be inserted from one to a full set, in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice

Particular attention paid to the regulation of children's teeth.

N B. Dr P. also informs the public that he has availed himself of the services of an experienced operator from the city of New York, who will be constantly present.

nov 15 3m

SAMUEL G. B. EATON,

NECK STOCK and Suspender Manufactory—Ready made Linen, Hosiery and Glove Store, No 78 Washington street.

Always on hand a good assortment of Stocks, Suspenders, Russia Riding belts, Shirts, Dickies, Bosoms, Drawers, Under Shirts, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Hose Cravat Pads Black Italian Silk, Neck-kerchiefs, &c.

N. B. Neck Stocks of all patterns made to order and repaired. tf

A. B. GALUCIA,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER AND GLAZIER, Corner of Water and Bath streets, Boston.

All orders executed with neatness and despatch.

nov 8 3m